

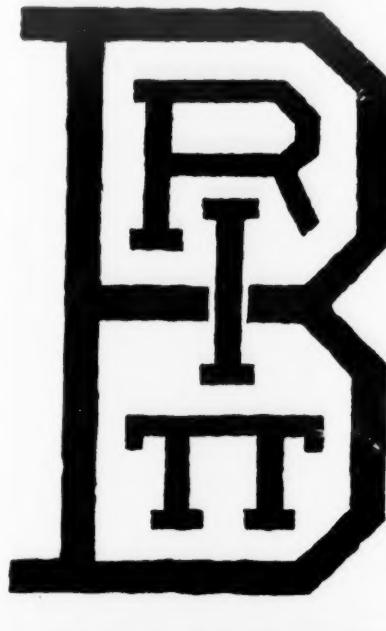
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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Minor His Rebel Art

COMES here next Wednesday Robert Minor to tell us in speech and picture about the war. Who comes now as Robert left us three years ago as Bob. He is one of the world's great cartoonist now. Then he was the drawer of the daily cartoon for the *Post-Dispatch*. Here he was in society, wearing evening clothes with imperturbable aplomb, dallying with debutantes, but always with a big, brushing way that he brought with him from Texas. He drew pictures with a prehistoric man's war club. He smashed them onto the paper, one might say. His lines had sweep of savagery in them, as if a primordial force were behind them. His men were elementals in strength, even one might say in brutality, and he could put a rough, bedraggled pathos in his forms of women. We did not exactly know it then, but his drawings seethed with ill-suppressed revolt. We thought it only revolt against prettiness. When he went to the New York *World* as cartoonist and put a troglodytish vigor into his pictorial criticisms of the passing show of life. His work challenged comparison with that of Cesare, of the *Sun*, of Boardman Robinson, of the *Tribune*. He had not the art background of either, but he had the rough sense of the bare anatomy of human beings and he put it into his pictures. Soon his powerful work began to overflow into *The Masses*, a Socialist paper, and took on distinctive purpose; so much so that the *World* could not stand his utterance in pictures of a growing hatred of the social order. He gave up the big salary the *World* paid him and drew for the gratification of his own rebellious spirit. He went to Europe to confront tradition and scorned it the more. His pictures became more and more polemic in their proletarianism. They grew in ferocity. Then came the war and Minor went to the front with his note-book. He told the story of the war as he saw it from the Socialist viewpoint, and a terrible story he made it—terrible in the sordidness of it, in its utter absence of glory. War he pictured as murder promoted by upper class machinations for the immolation of the many and the enslavement of the survivors. He was crueler than was in his truthfulness. He made war subterranean and the pity he put into his pictures became but an aspect of hatred for the society that produced war. He drew his pictures as if in black venous blood. He was at the front and behind the scenes in France, in Belgium, in Germany, where he was arrested. He took of war's fiendishness to fight war, and Socialism and Anarchism even hailed him as their interpreter. War, he seemed to say, is horrible but it hints the way to end a system of which war is a product. His men hinted in their crude power that the power would break its shackles and crush the social order. He drew titanic covers for Emma Goldman's *Mother Earth*. He presided at anarchist meetings and gave picture talks in favor of the Revolution. His outlaw art was a pictorial call to battle. He kept his fine, wild, but firm, line and his big, burly smudges for his men, and his women he gave a broken, bent, blunted beauty of suffering. Minor became the art-spokesman of humanity,

ground into the sludge of mud and blood, but there Antaeus-like gathering strength finally to wreck and reshape civilization. It is this message he preaches in word and picture on the Socialist circuit. He speaks like he draws, starkly, yet with a sense of form, restraining, yet intensifying force; explosive; ruining. His version of war is that hell is paradisaical beside it, and then he says that present society even in peace is but a shamble-brothel, verminous and vile with all cruelty. At Aschenbroedel Hall, Wednesday evening, he will tell us his tale of hatred for the hate that has driven love out of social relations. He will not wear those evening clothes which once he wore when an embryo society man in our swell set. He will not tango as he did. He will show us the dance of Death in Europe and operate with scalpel tongue and pencil upon the corpus vile of the body politic here. And under his rage we shall sense the flowing of the tears of all the stricken and hear the still, small music of humanity tending to an ultimate crescendo and diapasonic outburst of the "Ca ira." Minor is now a major prophet of the coming social cataclysm. He sees red—sunset at once and sunrise of the old order and of the new.

♦ ♦

The Pretty Louise

THERE are some compensations that go with living in St. Louis. One of them is, I should say, the privilege of observing such a wholly gratifying spectacle as that of little Louise Allen, of the Park Opera Company, in tights. She is the poetry of shapeliness in a deliciously ingenuous revelation thereof. The taper of her is airy to a degree that dispels the faintest suggestion of riotous voluptuousness and the dainty duodecimosity of her is that of a Tanagra figurine. To look upon her is to experience a joy of the eye complementing the felicitous effect of her voice upon the ear and it softens even the popular regret for the imminent departure of Comedian Frank Moulan, who has been making us laugh over his infinite variety of comicalities for many months. Miss Allen is lyric-limbed even as she is lyric-throated, and altogether a realized dream of form in evenings of quip and quirk and choir-ing corybantics. Gotham has nothing lovelier to show upon her stages, nor all the films that unwind themselves the country over. Leonardo's golden boy was not more charming than the diminutive ingenu who has won the hearts of theater-going St. Louisans at the Park and the Shenandoah during the past two seasons.

♦ ♦

No nation or race has any monopoly on stupidity. The British blunder in shooting the Dublin rebels is not worse than the German blunder in shooting Edith Cavell in Belgium.

♦ ♦

The Logical Candidate

If I were an indurated Republican, I would favor the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for President. The man for that party to run against Woodrow Wilson is a man most unlike Woodrow Wilson, the man most thoroughgoing in opposition to Woodrow Wilson, an opponent lock, stock and barrel, hook, line and sinker. There's nobody fighting Wilson as Roosevelt is. If Wilson is wrong on everything, as Republicans contend, then

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Roosevelt is right and he is the logical man to nominate. If Wilson is a straddler of issues, then the thing the Republicans should do is to nominate a man who straddles nothing but a fiery charger. If Wilson has no definite policy, then let us have a man opposed to him with a definite policy. If Col. Roosevelt has a definite policy, what is it? What would he have done to Germany or to Mexico? What would he have done about Belgium or the *Lusitania*? Col. Roosevelt is the man to put against Wilson on his own proposition, "Wilson is wrong." That makes a clear issue as far as it goes, but we should have to know what Col. Roosevelt would have done or will do, before we can decide whether Roosevelt is right. Could Col. Roosevelt have got more of a concession from Germany? Could he have invaded Mexico without the consent of Congress? But the Colonel says that Wilson is wrong in everything. That is good Republican doctrine. It is a platform—such as it is. The Republicans could win on it, if the people should not stop to inquire what Col. Roosevelt would have done or would now do in Wilson's place. There's nothing out-and-out against Wilson but Roosevelt. There is no policy proposed alternative to Wilson's. Roosevelt is the Republicans' only hope.

♦♦

All the other candidates for the Democratic nomination for Governor may take heart. Col. Fred. Gardner will get the nomination and they can be gallant colonels on his military staff after his election. The primary is going to be a landslide for Gardner—a land bank landslide, in fact.

♦♦

Shall Harvard be Democratized?

LAST week I told in this column of the decision of the trustees of Cornell University to admit representatives of the faculty to their deliberations upon the general policy of the institution. This evidence of democratization of a great institution was commented on favorably as promising freer play for general ideas of educational plan and method in the governing body and as lifting the professor out of the position of a man hired to get such results as appeal to the business man and as promising a minimization of such clashes as occur between professors and trustees over the question of freedom of teaching. The scandal over the suppression of Scott Nearing by the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania for too radical utterances upon economic problems and their remedy has evidently set the educational world to devising ways to prevent such complications.

Evidently the new spirit is stirring even in and about Harvard University. That Brahminical journal, the New York *Evening Post*, gives signs of taking notice of the need for such a movement at and in Harvard, in an editorial of much weight. That paper says that "nominations for the Board of Overseers of Harvard University of candidates to be elected at Commencement in June confirm the prevailing trend in the selection of men connected, either as lawyers or managers, with large corporate enterprises." Among the nominees are Mr. J. P. Morgan; Mr. F. L. Higginson, Jr., of Lee, Higginson & Co.; Congressman Samuel E. Winslow, head of many large corporations; Howard Elliott, president of the New Haven Railroad; William Thomas, head of and attorney for many Pacific Coast corporations. The others include the head of some large Indiana companies; a member of the firm of Stone & Webster, and the president of the Old Colony Trust Company. "Of the other candidates, the Rev. S. S. Drury is vice-rector of St. Paul's School, three others

are prominent Boston lawyers, one a New York stock broker, one a physician, and the last is Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, whose position as a man of letters needs no setting forth. He, Dr. Balch, and Mr. Drury are the only ones of the fifteen candidates not affiliated with large companies." The *Evening Post* then classifies the present Harvard Board of Overseers thus: "Capitalists, 11; men of letters, 2; educators, 3; public men, 3 (Roosevelt, Lodge, and Delano); physicians, 2; lawyers, 7; social worker, 1; and clergyman, 1; a total of 30. Some of the lawyers having served or serving as heads of large corporations might properly be catalogued as capitalists. Mr. Delano was formerly a railway president. The educators are ex-President Eliot, President Hyde of Bowdoin College, and Prof. George H. Palmer—an astonishingly small list when one considers the variety of educational problems with which the Board deals. Of the 30 members, 14 live in Boston or Cambridge, or elsewhere in Massachusetts, while two live in the District of Columbia, six in New York, two in Pennsylvania, and one each in Oregon, Kentucky, Maine, Illinois, Maryland, and Missouri—a marked change since 1879, in which year the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows was elected from New York as the first non-resident of Massachusetts ever to sit as a member of the Overseers."

These nominations were and are made by a committee of the Harvard Alumni Association. Clearly the committees are much impressed by wealth and position as the discriminating test of fitness for the exercise of general supervision of the university. The Harvard alumni are not as democratic as those of Cornell. Big Business supplies the supreme authority at Harvard, which is in accord with what we have come to know as "the Harvard manner" of superiority, not to say superciliousness. The alumni select from the nominees of the committee and they usually select a preponderant number of men who have got or can get the money. There is some good sense in that, for the university needs money and the overseers should know how to get, to hold and to disburse money. Undoubtedly some of the problems before the university are like the problems before large corporations, and men used to dealing with such problems are best fitted to cope with them. It would not do to have all the Overseers men mostly concerned with the "doctrine of the enclitic *de*" or 'settling hoti's business' or pursuing the abstrusities of the Aeolic digamma. Conceding that "men of affairs" are necessary among the Overseers, the *Evening Post* says: "The danger is, however, that too many men of a single class and point of view may be chosen in the course of the natural desire to select successful men, men of power and influence, to forward the interests of the University."

But Harvard rests under the suspicion, if not the proof, of being a rich man's university. It has been fighting off that asperion. Thus far it has not been much more successful than was Mr. Wilson in like efforts at Princeton University in the direction of democratization. The Harvard authorities have been presenting statistics to show how many poor students work their way through the course. They have shown us the small expenditures of many students. Some of the figures read not unlike the fool articles written to prove that a family of five can live on, let us say, 40 cents a day. Harvard clubs throughout the country have been offering scholarships to students in need of funds to complete their studies. All of which is very well, but it hardly offsets such an evidence of Harvard identification with

Big Business as is given in the proof of the university's alliance with the New Haven wreckers, and in President Lowell's protest against the confirmation of Mr. Brandeis for a place on the supreme bench of the United States. The writer of the *Evening Post* editorial says that all the effort at democratization referred to may well be lost upon the West if it shall continue to appear that the Overseers, by a considerable majority, "represent the point of view of State street and Wall street." The Overseers are top-heavy with representatives of capitalism or of privilege. The alumni would not think of overloading the board with politicians. They do overload it with men of wealth. And this overloading helps to perpetuate the belief that Harvard is a class institution out of touch with the democratic spirit of the country and time. The alumni are, perhaps, not consciously aristocratic. They are not all plutocrats, but they show a tendency to choose plutocrats or the satellites of the plutocracy. There is reason, therefore, as the *Evening Post* says, "to democratize the Overseers, to reduce the number of presidents of banks and trust companies, * * * to make certain that the Overseers represent the spirit and the aspirations of the mass of men who hold Harvard degrees; that in building a university they shall be less concerned with the means of acquiring wealth, or even with the maintaining of existing institutions, than with the search for truth, the making of a college which shall above all else be progressive and forward-looking—eager to point the way to a nobler and more spiritual democracy." The Harvard Alumni Association can learn something from the recent action of the trustees of Cornell and wipe out the reproach of aristocratic exclusiveness by broadening the representation in the Overseers. Harvard must be got away from its old alignment with the Mellen and Billard style of Big Business. The Alumni Association should consider the injection into the Board of Overseers of some of the Harvard faculty, but, of course, not such professors as the one who supplied publicity stuff approving the frenzied financing of the New Haven railroad looters. The democratization of Harvard is "up to" the Harvard alumni. Do they want to do it? Or do they want to continue to vote for Overseers with that reverence for crass material success so characteristic of the "Little Brother of the Rich" whose sycophant and parasitic spirit is so ironically sung by Mr. Edward Sanford Martin in a poem with that title?

♦♦

Felt the Halter Draw

MUCH stress is laid upon the fact that William H. Taft and President Lowell are opposed to the confirmation of the nomination of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis for Justice of the Supreme Court. Why shouldn't they be against Brandeis? It was Brandeis who uncovered the fact that Taft, when President, was the stand-by of Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior. Didn't Taft participate in palming off a post-dated document exculpating Ballinger of certain charges? As for Lowell, was not he, as head of Harvard, hand-in-glove with the buccaneering management of the New Haven Railroad? The opposition of such persons is a strong commendation of Mr. Brandeis.

♦♦

Pacifism's Logic

THIS country is for preparedness and also for peace. It is for peace and also for preparedness. The country cannot be defended by "notes." It cannot be made secure by treaties, from aggression. Treaties have been

disregarded recently. Germany broke her treaty as to Belgium, Greece hers with Servia. Our pacifists are an eloquent, sentimental lot. They sound well. But we'd have been in a fine fix in our dispute with Germany if her fleet had not been bottled up in the Kiel Canal. We would be at a tremendous disadvantage as against Great Britain if a dispute reached the stage of hostilities. The most peaceful country cannot be assured of peace, if another country wants war with it, unless it is prepared to surrender its rights upon demand. We cannot trust to courts to maintain peace. We have courts for our domestic troubles, but we have force to back up the courts. No matter how peaceful one man may be, he can't be sure of the peacefulness of the other fellow. How many of our pacifists carry their pacifism into their other causes? If non-resistance is the ideal, why resist corruption in office, or injustice in the courts or iniquitous taxation? Why not apply "resist not evil," for example, to land monopoly and drop the agitation for the single tax? Why not submit tamely to everything? Everything we have has been won by fighting—fighting nature and man. To hold what we have, other fights must be made. If this country is worth anything it is worth fighting for. That it is worth something, that it is worth defending from attack is proved by what those who have fled from other oppressions have won here. If we are not to prepare against foreign attack, let us give up the fight against all our domestic evils, exactions, tyrannies. Let us quit applauding revolutionaries in other lands. Let us put aside in a treasure house all we might spend on an army and navy and use that treasure to buy off invaders. We might have had a fund ready from which to draw enough to pay Villa not to raid Columbus. The logic of anti-preparedness is absolute non-resistance, and non-resistance means enslavement when it is brought up against aggression for territory and trade and glory. Preparedness is only prudence for the protection of all we value as a people, for the protection of our own institutions against impositions thereon of other cultures and governmental concepts. I think the United States is enough better than other countries to be worth defending from attack by any other country. If it should be changed in some respects, I prefer that we should do the changing. To the end that no other power shall ram changes down our throats I am in favor of an army to stop the would-be ramblers if they land, and of a navy to prevent their landing. As for what Henry Ford calls "militism," that is a thing this country can protect itself against just because it is this country. While we are preparing against possible foreign foes, we can be preparing too against "militism."

♦♦

Bryan on Wilson

COL. BRYAN thinks that President Wilson has lost the Irish and the German vote, and cannot win without them. Col. Bryan thinks Wilson should do something to attract the support of the peace Republicans. I am not aware that President Wilson has as yet "between the green floor and the azured vault set roaring war." He has done pretty well by good old peace, thus far. He is not even at war with Mexico. And he will undertake to move for peace in Europe at the slightest hint that his proffer of mediation will be acceptable to the belligerents. He has not been driven by criticism to make war on Germany and he is not likely to be driven to make war upon Great Britain. He has not slept on any of this country's rights. But he has not forced his assertion of our rights to the point of war. If the

peace Republicans want anyone more peaceful than Wilson, where will they find him,—outside of Roosevelt, for Roosevelt is not only more war-like, but more peaceful, more anything than Wilson? The President has done everything that came his way to do, for peace. He has done so much that some people say he has put up with humiliation at both Germany's and Great Britain's hands, to say nothing of Mexico's. And if the President has lost the Irish vote and the German vote—well, he has lost them. He is not President of Ireland or Germany, but of the United States, and it is barely possible that there are enough American votes to re-elect him.

♦♦

Shall it be Senator Glynn?

Now that New York's Senator, James Anthony O'Gorman, announces his determination not to try to succeed himself, there's a chance for the Democracy of the Empire State to show its approval of the excellent public service of ex-Governor Martin H. Glynn. Mr. Glynn succeeded the impeached Sulzer. The impeachment of Sulzer was all right, but he was impeached less for his venality than for his insubordination towards Tammany boss Murphy, and this fact rather put Governor Glynn at a disadvantage though he was in nowise at fault. He made an excellent Governor. His defeat for re-election was due rather to an abominable anti-Catholic prescriptive vote than to anything other than Mr. Charles Whitman's success in the prosecution and conviction of Police Lieutenant Becker. Mr. Glynn is a strong administrator. He is a good editor of the Albany *Times*. He is an effective orator. And he is as progressive as anyone can be in New York State politics and live. He is booked to open the Democratic National Convention here next month, and he will be very welcome, because he is agreeably remembered as one of the National Commission of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

♦♦

The Mayor Goes Wrong

NOBODY in St. Louis thinks better of Mayor Henry Kiel than I do, but I can't help saying that if he continues his fight against the Efficiency Board established under the charter he himself did so much to fasten upon the city, he will make the head of that Board, his *bête noir*, Mr. Thomas Rogers, the Republican candidate for Mayor next year. Between Rogers and the old gang the people are with Rogers. They are for the merit system against the spoils system. And the Republicans will find it hard to carry St. Louis next time, for the election will come along just after the people receive their tax bills for the new Mill Creek sewer. Hy. Kiel is not serving his party or himself in keeping alive the quarrel between himself and the Efficiency Board.

♦♦

Bores in the Films

If you go to the movies, which, of course, you do, you may have noted a fact which Mr. Tubman Keene Hedrick calls to the attention of aesthetic Chicago, in the *Daily News* of that city, that the film dramas are getting to be too long. The five-reel film play could be cut down to three, in most cases, to the improvement of the production and the relief of the spectators. It is padded out until it becomes a bore. It contains pictorial repetition in excess. It wanders away from the play-theme and gathers in particulars not essential to the telling of the story. Recently I saw "The Last Days of Pompeii" and it seemed to stretch out like the line of witches in "Macbeth," "to the crack o' doom," with a painful lack of variety in the incidents and without unique effects in a spectacular way.

Some of the Charlie Chaplin films are getting to be longer than the Oklahoma Constitution or a national party platform. Palpably the filmmakers put themselves out to attenuate their reels, and these lengthened productions become inexpressibly tiresome. The thrills lose their effect in their prolongation. The effect is more oppressive and depressing than that of a too talky play on the regular stage. I have never yet seen a film-play made from a novel that was not, in its impression upon the mind, longer than the novel. The sense of time becomes a burden upon the beholder. The film-play of to-day needs more selection in its preparation, and more condensation. Likewise it needs some editing as to scenery. California scenery is too much in evidence in films that depict other regions of the earth. The film producers are getting careless. They are not keeping up with the public they have educated to a better taste than their own. The movie is in danger as a business proposition when it makes people yawn. It is dead as an art form, if it can ever be called that, when it is contrived to kill a certain number of minutes regardless of its possession of a content important or interesting enough to justify the consumption of so much time in its presentation.

♦♦

State Medicine is Coming

SUCH a violent protest as arises against State medicine! But it is futile. State medicine will come. In England the doctors fought it tooth and nail. Now they are all for it. They all want to be on the State lists. State medicine must come. Medical treatment becomes more expensive. The many cannot afford it under the private practice system. So many cases have to be seen by three or four doctors who must make examinations. Specialization causes this. The patient must be sent by the first physician to another and maybe two or three others to perfect diagnosis. Medicines cost money. Minor examinations cost money. Operations cost money. Most people have no money. Shall they die for that? Doctors cannot practice for charity exclusively. Empiric medicine necessitates specialization. Specialization involves the purchase of books and investigatorial equipment. The all-round doctor is a vanishing type. The afflicted must be treated. If they cannot pay the State must pay. The physicians want to make of medicine a trade union. They say that the doctor's bread must not be taken out of his mouth. They say one man should not be taxed to pay for the treatment of another. A fine theory, but exploded. Compulsory health insurance with State-supplied treatment is inevitable, because adequate, efficient treatment on the private fee basis is becoming impossible for all but the well-to-do. State medicine should mean better regulated medicine, the extirpation of the quack and charlatan. Medical colleges cannot now keep up with the requirements in equipment necessary to keep pace with scientific research. The money to conduct research and experiment must be provided more and more by the State. Providing such support, the State must control the men who are licensed to practice. The State must see to it that no one shall suffer for lack of treatment and that the doctor who provides the treatment shall not do so for nothing. Taxation for funds to carry on State medicine is becoming absolutely necessary. Communities must look after the sick and pay the physicians. This is only self-protection. Medicine is getting to be too big to be handled by individual practitioners as of old. We shall have more doctors rather than fewer. The subdivision of practice into specialties will continue to multiply. Medicines will multiply,

and instruments. The present fee system will be unequal to meeting the fixed charges on a specialist's practice and the poor will be debarred from treatment because the efficient specialist's time will be too valuable to permit of his attention to those who cannot pay. Dr. Goldwater, of New York City, proposed recently a clinic for the treatment of the people of less than even most moderate means at a hospital for a nominal sum, the city to supply the building and equipment. The New York Medical Society denounced Dr. Goldwater and his proposal. The St. Louis Medical Society recently denounced a magazine article advocating more, better and cheaper medicine on the community basis. But the medical societies in England did just that when compulsory health insurance was proposed. There was even an abortive strike by the doctors. Now they have been won over. They find that the system is good for the people and for the profession. It may be some time before we come to State medicine in this country, but we shall come to it as surely as we have come to State and city hospitals and infirmaries. We are our brothers' keepers. We must be, lest our brothers infect and poison us. The doctors' trade union cannot set itself up against the public interest in the public health.

♦♦

Chancellor Hall's Fine Stand

THAT fine old educationist of the sterling type, Chancellor Hall, of Washington University, tells an Assistant Postmaster General, one Otto Prager, that the university will not discipline Prof. Roland Greene Usher for writing an article in which, according to Prager, the professor made many misstatements concerning the Government's treatment of the railroads in the matter of railway mail pay. Professor Usher at least said nothing that has not been said by the heads of the railroads in criticism of the Government and its mail measurement by space rather than weight. It is not *lese majeste* for anyone to criticise the administration of a Government office. A man does not cease to be a citizen with a citizen's rights when he becomes a professor in a university, and the university has, as Chancellor Hall says, no right to discipline a professor for his opinion upon any subject upon which, as a citizen, he has a right to an opinion. Chancellor Hall's statement with regard to the complaint against Professor Usher is a strong declaration in favor of free speech. The fact that Professor Usher may have been wrong in his statements does not matter. If he harmed anyone by his statements there is a remedy at law, and the remedy is not muzzling. The net result of Otto Prager's protest has been a splendid advertisement of Washington University's liberalistic administration and, of course, more advertising for Professor Usher's books on the war and international relations, books which, by the way, are in little need of advertising because they are interesting and stimulating and vividly imaginative, whether they be accurate or not.

♦♦

Where Rural Credits Lead

WHAT a roar goes up over the proposal of the national rural credits bill because it authorizes banks to loan money to farmers on the security of their land to the extent of half the value of the land! There is no roar about banks loaning money on mere paper. I wonder if back of opposition to loans on land there is not a feeling that the rural credit system will educate the people as to the reason for the existence of land values. When lands are borrowed on, their value cannot be hidden. The tax assessor will get after those values and get more of them. The true rela-

tion of land values to prosperity will be discovered. The true drift of land values will be found out. All production is reflected in land value. And production pays taxes while the landholder takes the value given his land by the productiveness of other workers. When the rural credit system gets to working, new light will be cast on the land question and light on that subject is not what the landlord wants. The more light we get on that, the surer it is that we shall all see that the private pocketing of increased land values is the world's grandest robbing rake-off. Rural credits are not exactly in line with the single tax. For the more small landholders we have the stronger will be the superstition of the sanctity of land ownership on other bases than that of use. Rural credits, however, will not stop land monopoly. Nothing but taxing the speculation out of land will do that. But the people will study the land question more and they will come to see that the landlord as such takes the profit of all other men's toil while they pay the taxes which he should pay as an engrosser of the prime and increasing benefits of government and all community activity. The farmer will see, in time, that taxation of land value, with exemption of improvements and machinery and furniture and cattle and money in bank, will make farming profitable, while it will discourage the holding of land out of use. The rural credits legislation, state or national, will make plain the difference between the taxation of land and the taxation of land value. The actual farmer will then see that while he has land, the other fellow has the land value mostly untaxed.

♦♦

The Two Big Ps

MAYBE Mr. Bryan thinks President Wilson could regain the lost Irish and German vote by coming out strong for Prohibition as Mr. Bryan has done. Prohibition and pacifism go together. They are both a sort of turning tail on individual moral responsibility in a world of free will. We shan't permit the existence of liquor lest we abuse it. We shan't have an army and navy lest we misuse them. We must not use things of our creation lest they use us. This is a turning from that struggle with the world that develops character. It is a surrender of man's mastery of himself, a confession of inadequacy to cope with environment, an abdication of lordship over his lusts and appetites. Prohibition and pacifism are, in this aspect, moral cowardice. They are flight from the struggle of moral choice. They both lead to tyranny on the one hand and servitude on the other. Prohibit liquor and prohibit armament! Then what? Unprohibited liquor gets in its work and the nation that arms conquers the unarmed nation. Both prohibitions are inimical to human liberty. Liberty is growth through struggle with self and surroundings. Prohibition and pacifism are individual and national degeneration and decay of the will to freedom.

♦♦

God Save Ireland!

A DASH of severity towards Sir Edward Carson two years ago would have spared the British Government the necessity for severity to the *Sinn Feiners* now. But Carson, after talking rebellion, was taken into the Cabinet, and, to placate him, Home Rule was postponed until after the war. The Government's weakness in dealing with Carson and his Orangemen brought on the outbreak in Dublin. Sir Roger Casement went to the Kaiser for help against England. Sir Edward Carson talked about aid for his Ulstermen from the Kaiser in May, 1914. Official bungling over Ulster

is responsible for the *emeute* in Dublin. Rigorous measures against the Irish rebels of the South are a colossal blunder. But Tory influence in the Cabinet has pressed it, hoping that the end thereof may prove to be the ultimate defeat of Home Rule. The thing Asquith should have done was to send Carson to prison for talking sedition and revolution for two years before the war. Casement only did what Carson was threatening to do as late as two weeks before the outbreak of the war. If Asquith were logical he would take Casement into the Cabinet as he did Carson. What he has done has been a kind of treason to his Home Rule supporters, for no sane person believes that the executions in Dublin can have any other effect than to create disaffection where before was loyalty among the Nationalist followers of Redmond and Dillon. The Dublin outbreak was a childishly futile affair; no doubt of that. But it was hardly more so than the Government's method of dealing with its leaders after their surrender. Ireland is not pacified by any means. And the Irish overseas who were with the Allies against Germany are wavering as the result of the executions. The killing of the Irish rebel leaders is as poor an exhibition of judgment as was the attempted attack at Gallipoli or the catastrophe at Kut-el-Amara. The Irish rebels were shamefully deluded. What they sought to accomplish was impossible of accomplishment. They struck a blow at their own Irish brethren. They arose in behalf of a power that could not reasonably be expected, if successful in this war, to bring about the realization of the *Sinn Fein* hope. They struck at England when she was best prepared to crush them. They had no extensive organization or co-ordination of forces. Their's was a splendid folly. But the folly of the methods of repression adopted against them is not splendid. It is sordid and mean. The Government could have spared every leader of the revolt without loss of prestige. Indeed, clemency would have increased British prestige. It would have strengthened rather than weakened loyalty in Ireland and among the Irish throughout the world. How can Nationalist Ireland remain loyal, with Sir Edward Carson gloating over its failure to do the thing which he boldly declared his intention of doing with the aid of a suborned army in the spring of 1914? The *Sinn Feiners* have not helped the cause of Ireland, but Premier Asquith's dealing with the *Sinn Feiners* has not strengthened his administration nor has it made for the solidarity of the British Empire in its hour of peril. The end of the *Sinn Fein* rebellion is not yet. That end will probably not be the triumph of the Germanic powers in this war, but it will work out in other ways to the harm of the British Empire. In another war, unless Ireland be mollified in the meantime, Ireland may be better prepared to help the foes of Great Britain. Ireland is a potential factor of danger to the Empire, so long as Irish nationality nurses its wrongs. There is no pacifying Ireland as long as there is one law against sedition for the North and another for the South; so long as the rebel Carson is honored, and the rebel Pearse is summarily shot. If there were a Liberal leader in England, of powerful imagination, his answer to the *Sinn Fein* rebellion would be the abrogation of the truce with the Tories and the Orangemen and the inauguration of Home Rule under the statute as passed. There would be in that action a recognition of Irish loyalty. Moreover, it would demonstrate the sincerity of the British profession that it fights to-day for democracy against the Prussian concept of government,

and that its concern for the freedom of the small nations is not a mere phrase to conceal its machinations for the isolation and strangulation of Germany. The grave defect of the present government of Great Britain is that it has surrendered to the Tories after beating them at every turn for nine years. It gave Ireland home rule with one hand and withdrew it with the other in order to secure Tory support. It forgave Ulster rebels and truckled to their leader. It abandoned the loyal Irish and exalted the disloyal. It fostered *Sinn Feinism*. The Government has deserved all the ill that has befallen it in the past twenty-two months. And while Asquith and Sir Edward Grey evidently cherish a hope that they will be able to conduct the war so as to overthrow Prussian junkerdom in Germany and make a peace with the German people rather than their rulers, it may be that a weakening of the fealty of the Irish party in the Commons will result in an overthrow of British junkerdom and the fighting of the war to a finish under a form of government, the outcome of which will be a British republic. British democracy will have to win the war, since the aristocracy has not been able to win it, and a solidified Irish democracy united with the British would be the best assurance of a triumph of the people of all lands over kings and lordlings. It may be that the failure of the *Sinn Feiners* shall turn out to be the beginning of the end in Europe of the rule of the booted and spurred and privileged law-lords, war-lords and land-lords. For Ireland there may be a budding morrow in the present midnight. She may save Europe and civilization through her agonies.

♦♦

Ex-Governor Hadley on Missouri

BY all odds the most statesmanlike pronouncement upon conditions in Missouri ever formulated by a public man of this commonwealth is the article, "What's the Matter with Missouri?" by ex-Governor Hadley, printed in last week's issue of THE MIRROR. Both the *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch* did me the honor of reproducing it with proper credit and with approving comment. Mr. Hadley says that Misouri suffers from a bad system of taxation, which, as Governor, he did his best to correct in the matter of equalizing the burdens as between the counties and cities. From this flow such evils as deficient productiveness and inferior literacy. The resources of the State are not mobilized for commerce or manufacture or for education. We may leave out of consideration his indictment of the Democracy of the State for these things, though he does not wholly absolve his own party. One thing he says which is very important, namely, that the State is not communally solidarized. The people of different sections have no sense of community of interest. Their intercourse is not facilitated as it should be. It is difficult to move between the different sections. Communications are too roundabout. The people are not closely knit in their social and business life. The State capital is all but inaccessible by direct route from vast areas of territory. Interurban railways are woefully lacking. Missourians are held apart, not drawn together, in intimate relationship in the affairs of life. So there is no co-operation to large, general, common ends; almost, there is no cohesion. There is more antagonism than sympathy, too many sections or regions are sufficient unto themselves, and so out of touch with others as to have no keen concern in their affairs. Seldom is all Misouri found going one way to any goal. What Misouri most needs is to know in what and why it may be classed as a back-

ward State. This can only be accomplished by a stock-taking of resources and their utilization, by a clear presentation of the matters in which it is necessary to act constructively, to get the most out of what we have. The people must be shown that their bourbonism—in both parties—holds the State back. Missourians must get in line with the *Zeitgeist* and abandon the idea that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them. If they want to be a great state they will have to pay for it in teamwork and in taxes. They will have to get closer together by means of better roads and more of them. Governor Hadley was the first active good roads man in Missouri. Moreover, Missouri politics must not carry partisanship so far as to kill an appropriation for securing immigration because the immigrants secured may vote the opposition ticket, or go to the extent of defeating good legislation so that the party in power shall not get the credit therefor. Governor Hadley pleads that the people of the State be Missourians before they are partisans. Then they will be able to do things that will enable Missouri to rise quickly out of the list of backward States of the Union. Well did Herbert S. Hadley serve Missouri as Governor. In writing the article published in last week's MIRROR he has rendered another valuable service in telling Missourians the truth about their State and themselves. His immediate reward is that the worst elements in his party are trying to subordinate him in the National Republican Convention to a lot of "tin-horn" and "cheapskate" political shysters and blatherskites. Every Missourian worth his salt must respect and honor Governor Hadley for the breadth of view and the sane tolerance of his article, "What's the Matter with Missouri?" He is a thinker, not a parroter of platitudes evaporating in air, hot air.

♦♦

Hughes In a Nutshell

THE wisest words yet written about the proposed, and not improbable, nomination of Charles Evans Hughes for President by the Republicans are these, by Mr. Edward S. Martin, in *New York Life*: "As a change from Mr. Wilson he might possibly be acceptable to more voters than anyone else. It would be the least violent change that could be made." There's no ring of victory in that sort of thing.

♦♦

A Professor's Book of Anarchism

WHAT is Anarchism? is a question often asked. I know no better way to answer it than to refer inquirers to a book recently published by Herman Kuehn, of Minneapolis, "Economics of Liberty." The author is Mr. John Beverly Robinson, professor of architecture in the Washington University, St. Louis. Professor Robinson writes with an almost miraculous clearness, which shows that he thinks unconfusedly. His little book condenses the philosophy of Proudhon, who was a most disorganized, chaotic writer, and makes the argument almost inevitably syllogistic in effect. A specimen of Professor Robinson's style is shown in the satirical sketch elsewhere in this issue of THE MIRROR, ridiculing the Preparedness propaganda by carrying to an extreme the proposal of military instruction in the schools. In Professor Robinson's view society as it exists involves too much of coercion, ignores voluntarism. Society is voluntary association to a common end, he says, and we all know that society now is not voluntary association. In our so-called democracy there is a coercion of a minority by a majority. Democracy is therefore founded on force, only less so than autocracy. This means

that a complete social condition has not yet been attained. A completely social condition is only attained when each individual is free to withhold acquiescence in the order established by the majority. "The greatest good to the greatest number" is as nothing to the least number. Every individual should be free to hold out of acquiescence in any social arrangement. Professor Robinson's philosophy is egoism pure and unadulterated. He carries this egoism into his economics with a relentless logic. His logic takes mathematical form, thus: "The average share of each producer is equal to the total product divided by the number of producers;" or, "The average expenditure of income of each producer is in direct proportion to the number of producers of each product." Taxation, he declares, is privilege. Taxation is levied by force. Force is invasion of the individual's rights. So any monetary system involves Government monopoly of money. So land reform involves Governmental control of land. Anything society as now constituted does or proposes to do involves the operation of organization which, so far as concerns most men, is compulsory. Professor Robinson's ideal state is one in which "nothing shall be prohibited between individuals to which both parties consent." Liberty consists in freedom to do anything not invasive of the liberty of others. The only organization necessary is one to defend liberty. It is to be supported, not by taxation, but by voluntary subscription. No one would have to belong to society if he did not want to. But, of course, there must be concessions, though none to any invasive action. Here is in more intelligible form the whole doctrine of Max Stirner's "The Ego and Its Own." Each ego would co-operate and associate with others only in so far as it gratified him. Then he would break away. He would not submit to anything solely for the common good, unless it commanded itself as his good. Professor Robinson advocates economic equality. Men will exchange labor or services only on equal terms, under his system. He boldly asserts that "inequality of abilities is an essential condition for equality of incomes." While, on a ship, "if every man wanted to be a captain, there would be no sailors, that is no reason why the sailors should go on short rations." Possession of land would be based solely on productive use. Professor Robinson would have a credit currency redeemable in products. This is the idea of Proudhon's Bank of the People, suppressed by Napoleon. Not the least interesting feature of "Economics of Liberty" is the set of tables illustrative of the working of his economics. In these tables the author has worked out the exchange relations of the people in a community of one hundred members. The result is a curious example of the completeness of a demonstration of a proposition when the demonstrator selects all the factors and regulates their relationship. It is like Poe's triumphant solution of "The Gold Bug," cryptogram—which he himself had concocted. Professor Robinson's social structure is perfect so far as it goes in his arrangement of it, but the difficulty is that so many people and things won't fit in with it, won't voluntarily associate in it, would kick it over. The necessity for concessions seems to imply a necessity for some coercion into making concessions, else there would not be enough voluntaristic concession or meeting of minds to a common end to keep a community of one hundred members from fissiparating into nomadic units or developing into such a riot as broke up "the society upon the Stanislau." I should say that Professor Robinson's ideal society is about the same as that of the average Single Taxer, but without any law

whatever. Single Taxism is much more like Anarchism than it is like Socialism. The only fault I find in the anatomy of the social organism displayed in this book is that there would be in it an intolerable deal of floating kidney, that would not stay put but would wander around aimlessly and put the whole business out of harmony. But it is a great ticklement to me to think of a book like this—the very best plea for Anarchism I have ever read—emanating from out of the faculty of our own Washington University. I hope all the faculty, directors and students of that institution will read it, for it contains many economic truths clearly enunciated, even if, to my thinking, it treats society in such mechanistic fashion as to allow too little for the ineluctable factor of human variation and the necessity of correction thereof by some kind of coercion in the shape of law.

♦♦

"The Magical City"

ZOE AKINS' play, "The Magical City," which captivated all the New York critics, appears in the *Forum* for May. It is a play of life on the Great White Way, done in a beautifully limpid free verse of ingenuous simplicity. The dialogue is natural yet rhythmical and carries action with grace and ease. The treatment throws a glamour on a sort of Harry Thaw affair and the romanticism is not achieved at the expense of fine and firm characterization. It is not only a good play, but it will make a good opera one of these days, a much better one than "The Girl of the Golden West." Miss Akins' work has an artistic distinction unparalleled in the American drama of the last twenty years.

♦♦

Mexico Quiet

PROPHECIES of disaster to our Mexican venture do not seem to be panning out. The negotiations between Generals Scott and Obregon appear to have resulted in an agreement by which our troops shall not supersede the forces of the Carranzista government. The two forces will work together to suppress bandit raids on our border, and our troops will withdraw when Carranza's army shall have the situation well in hand. The hopes of the interventionists are dashed. Pardon me while I murmur "Watchful waiting wins."

♦♦

Kissing

THE Stenographers' Union of Boston has passed resolutions condemning the kissing of stenographers by their employers or superiors. How useless! Kissing the stenog is uneconomic; it is bad business. Once you've kissed your stenographer there's no more stenoging. She dictates, not you. If you must kiss a stenographer, kiss somebody else's stenographer, and don't worry about who may be kissing yours.

♦♦

WHY wouldn't it be the proper thing to send our own Father Tim Dempsey to Ireland to compose the differences between the Nationalists and Orangemen. He is such a strike-settler here, he would be a peace-maker there.

♦♦

How Is It?

How is it that men and women, boys and girls can disport themselves together without vice or scandal in the bathing waters of the East or at Chicago, Cleveland or Toledo on the Lakes, but they must not be allowed in the swimming pool together here? Are we so much rottener than other folks, or is it only our moral Mr. Schneiderhahn who has a mind like a privy vault.

The Baby Crusade

By Adelaide Gordon

ARE you shouting the slogan,
Fresh air for the baby!
Pure milk for the baby!
Proper care for the baby!
Save the baby!
Great, isn't it?
Fine, this organization for the conservation of the greatest and most important energy in the world . . . Man-power.

The utilization of all its hidden possibilities for the increased efficiency of every unit of this hitherto wasted product, rejoices the heart.

Three cheers for the ardent baby savers!

But why save the baby, if the child be forgotten and is neither housed nor free to develop according to nature;

Why save the baby, if the youth has no hope nor opportunity to learn useful work, but with undirected energies, forever swells the army that daily marches through the Juvenile Court, the House of Correction, the Hospital and Penal Institution?

Why save the baby, if the man in his prime, willing to bear his own responsibilities and to keep abreast with the workers in his chosen field, is accounted useless and unneeded and so forced to shift his burden and join the vast herd of the unemployed, the so-called scum of the earth?

Waste . . . waste . . . waste. Nothing but wasted product.

You don't believe it?

Did you ever go down to Washington street—Washington street, New York, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco or Seattle?

Go!

Feel the undercurrent of this great life-stream surging through the ever-moving, restless crowd of homeless men; wasting its tremendous energy on the shores of ignorance, vice and crime.

Look into the eyes of those who stand waiting . . . waiting.

See the unnamed longing that lies back of even the wolfish and cunning, and now and then gleams in the dull and pathetic, the kind and eager. Hear the inarticulate cry of the Soul of this crowd; the cry echoed by every one of us.

Give us bread that we may be filled!

Give us our work that we may be men!

Let us forget the sodden nights and aimless days!

Give us room to live!

Let us go forth with peace in our hearts!

God give us our place, give us our place!

Save the baby for this!

The day may be radiant with sunshine,

The wind may blow fresh from unknown space,

The sky, clear and blue, may speak to us of infinite life, yet down in this street, there bespeaks no infinite care.

Until man hears the cry of his fellow-man, God himself cannot answer.

Why save the baby?

♦♦♦♦

The Hyphen, Etc.

By Victor S. Yarros

WE have heard a great deal about the hyphen, the ingratitude and the disloyalty of millions of naturalized citizens, the duty of absolute neutrality not only in action, but in thought as well, and the necessity of adopting an attitude of "straight United States-ism," whatever that may mean.

Not only persons who are constitutionally incapable of thinking—Roosevelt, for example—but persons who can think and are tolerably honest and candid in the public expression of their thoughts—like Wilson—have been talking and writing in the strain alluded to. Some of this talk has sounded well; it has seemed plausible to many. As a matter

of fact, very little of it is sound or has any meaning.

This country, shouted Roosevelt in a recent speech, must not be, shall not be like unto a polyglot boarding-house. We are not a mob; we are, or ought to be, a nation. The millions we have welcomed, and to whom we have furnished splendid opportunities of every sort, ought to be faithful and appreciative. If they are not, stern condemnation, at least, is their deserved punishment. In certain conceivable circumstances banishment or concentration in camps would be a proper and necessary measure to apply to them—the moral traitors!

I am one of the few who think that the denunciation of the hyphen has been foolish and shallow, and that the charges of base ingratitude and moral treason to "straight Americanism" are largely unfounded.

To begin with neutrality. It is, of course, the duty of Americans and foreigners resident here to respect all the legal obligations of neutrality. Those German-Americans, or Turkish-Americans, or Bulgarian-Americans, who have been violating our laws and plotting or committing crimes in the interest of foreign powers deserve short shrift. They are willful offenders. But there is nothing in the laws or principles of neutrality that enjoins the freest expression of sympathy with, or moral support of, either set of European belligerents. I am pro-Ally, sans phrase, but the right I claim for myself I willingly grant to the pro-Germans or pro-Turks.

To tell us that it is unneutral to discuss the great calamity, to take sides, to avow sympathies, is to demand the impossible, and also to make a mockery of freedom and civilization. What is Americanism, and what is it worth, if we cannot discuss freely the greatest of calamities imaginable, to determine and place blame, to contribute to a sane public sentiment, to pave the way to a just peace?

It is hardly necessary to multiply words on this aspect of the question. Mr. Wilson was clearly wrong in his demand for neutrality in thought and expression. The thing is neither possible nor desirable.

But what follows? Why, that if any American, with or without a hyphen, earnestly believes that it is the duty and the interest of the United States to enter the war, or to assume an attitude of benevolence, or to speak boldly and courageously for this or that side, it is his right and duty to advocate such a course and give his reasons therefor. If the pro-allies favor drastic action against Germany, it is their right to demand it in the press and on the platform. If the pro-Germans are sincere in their belief that England, France and Russia were the aggressors in the war, and deliberately attacked the central powers in order to crush trade rivals or destroy Teutonic culture; if they believe that the United States ought to help Germany by forbidding the exportations of munitions to the allies, it is their right and duty to agitate and press these views. There is nothing in such activity that is vicious or inconsonant with straight United States-ism. We as a nation have interests, hopes, aspirations, problems. What these are, and how we may best safeguard and promote our interests, are questions that the best of Americans cannot agree on and are not likely to agree on in the near or remote future. If you may advocate national isolation, I may advocate an alliance with England, and my German neighbor may advocate an alliance with the Kaiser or the Sultan.

Now, many of the condemned pro-Germans have been unfairly and ignorantly condemned for exercising their fundamental right of free speech and free propaganda. They have not been guilty of ingratitude. They have not been guilty of disloyalty.

Now, as one of the firm pro-Allies, I am convinced that the German-Americans who are defending or apologizing for the actions of the Kaiser and his clique are wrong—hopelessly wrong—in their diagnosis of the war. It is clear to me that they have permitted themselves to be misled and deceived. Germany is responsible for the war—80 per cent responsible, in my judgment. She was the aggressor.

The right word from her at the right time would have forced Austria to submit her anti-Serb complaints to reasonably impartial consideration. Arrogance and stupidity in the high military circles of Germany begot the war. This view of mine has determined my personal attitude toward the warring nations. But I know that the German people did not want war and honestly believe even now that England and Russia plotted and schemed to force war on their government.

Thus there is nothing the matter with the morals, the heart, the sentiments of the pro-Germans. Grant their major premise and all the rest follows. Their ready adoption of a bad and unsound premise reflects on their mental processes, and discloses the depth of their bias, but morally they are no worse than the pro-Allies.

True, it is unfortunate that we are not "like-minded." Our tasks or problems would be simpler if we thought alike about domestic and foreign policies, or if we had no differences other than those which divide more like-minded nations into radicals and conservatives, clericals and anti-clericals. But we cannot create national like-mindedness in a year or a decade. We cannot club men into sharing our views. We cannot expel tradition, bias, racial and national tendencies. Conditions confront us, not theories. If on certain questions we are unable to agree, and resemble a polyglot boarding-house, the fact is unpleasant. But why misrepresent one or a few elements of the polyglot boarding-house? Why not trace the evil to its source?

While we remain a polyglot rooming-house, our manifest duty is to cultivate forbearance and toleration, to try to understand one another, to make allowances, to agree to disagree, to carry on arguments on a plane of reason. The politicians and demagogues, the passionate fools, will not do—are incapable of doing—any of these things. But those of us who are honest and rational have a modest part to play in the tragedy. Let us talk sense and expose folly and hypocrisy.

♦♦♦♦

Preparedness

By John Beverly Robinson

AS I entered the handsome wrought iron gates of the Brentmere school, my hat was knocked from my head by a well-aimed stone. I was somewhat astonished, as the school had been strongly recommended to me by my friend, Southard, as the best possible place for my son, who was now fourteen, and anxious to go to a boarding-school.

Seeing nothing of the stone-thrower, who must have been concealed in the shrubbery, I continued on my way along the broad gravel path toward the school building, some hundred yards distant. Dr. Venable, the principal, had seen my mishap from the portico, where he remained standing to greet me effusively as I approached.

"Sorry, indeed, my dear Sir," he exclaimed, "that it should have happened so. It must have been one of our boys. They are a highstrung lot, sir! You never saw finer specimens!"

"You seem to take it easily," I replied. "Is that the way they usually treat visitors?"

"You don't understand," Dr. Venable answered. "You didn't tip your hat as you passed the flag on the pole at the entrance. Do you think our boys will stand for any slight to the flag? No, siree, they will not!"

"It might have killed me," I said.

"We must all make sacrifices," Dr. Venable calmly replied. "We have put the school on a war footing," he continued, "that is the proper thing nowadays; and we think we are well up to the mark."

As we talked, two of the pupils came around the corner of the house, engaged in a hot argument. What it was about we could not catch, but in a moment one of the boys squared off, the other threw himself into a posture of defence, and they were at it, hammer and tongs.

"Hooray, Barney! Go it, Elker!" cried Dr. Venable, thoroughly excited by the encounter. The other pupils came flocking from unknown parts, and quickly formed a ring around the combatants, cheering them on with loud shouts.

Dr. Venable turned and led the way into the house, leaving the scene of the fight before any conclusion had been reached.

"What were they fighting about?" I asked. "Oh, I have no idea," he answered. "Probably some affair of honor. They will all defend their honor with their lives."

"It seems rather dangerous," I ventured. "A pupil must be of strong stuff to stand such treatment."

"Hard as nails!" Dr. Venable admitted, gleefully. "That's the way we knock the nonsense out of them! We want no mollycoddles here! Come into the gymnasium," he added. "This is just the hour; and you'll see a sight worth seeing."

We went together down the long hall, and entered the gallery of the gymnasium, whence we could look down upon the main floor. A score of boys were just coming in, all stripped to the waist, in full prize fighting rig. At a signal from the instructor they faced each other in pairs, and at another signal the sparring began. I noticed that they wore no gloves, and remarked upon it.

"Gloves!" said Dr. Venable, "certainly not. Why should they be afraid of a bruise or a cut now and then? That is what we want to accustom them to. In fact, they get higher marks for drawing blood. If we should go to war, they would see plenty of blood-letting; and, I am happy to say, there is a very good prospect of war just now. There is nothing like war, my dear sir," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "for refining and purifying a nation!"

While we talked, the boxing was growing more violent, and one of the combatants had fallen and was apparently unable to come to time.

"That is young Williamson," said the principal, "he's a milk-sop for sure! We had him in the blackhole for two days for malingering. I hope soon to introduce flogging. That's the proper treatment for all such nonsense! Just a touch of the cat and there'd be no more shirking the boxing!"

I was rather aghast at his views, and must have betrayed my feelings in my face, for the worthy principal lowered his voice in warning tones. "Be a little careful," he said, "not to express disapproval of anything you may observe, even though you may not entirely acquiesce. Our fellows are full of pep, and you would find one of the older ones an ugly customer."

"Do you mean to say that they would attack me," I asked.

"Well, I hope not," he replied, "but it is as well to be careful. They are full of military spirit. Have you seen our chapel? Come in here and take a look at it. Charming little Gothic gem!"

He led the way into what was really a very pretty little chapel, the windows filled with stained glass, and a small, but handsome pipe organ in one corner. At the end opposite the entrance, a large American flag was draped about a gilded pole.

"It is here that we meet every morning," Dr. Venable said with warmth, "for our devotions to the Flag! Adoration of the Flag, with proper formulas of reverence and songs of devotion constitute the ceremonies, in which all are obliged to take part. It is magnificent," he said, with deep emotion, "to see the hundreds of young heads bowed in respect, and the hundreds of young lips murmuring words of self-immolation before the glorious Flag!"

"It must be," I said, for the worthy doctor's warning was fresh in my mind, and I did not know that he himself might not tackle me forthwith, if I should venture to differ. I was about to turn when he checked me. "That is not the way," he said. "You must make a deep reverence to the Flag and then withdraw backwards. It is an insult to the Flag to turn your back upon it." I did

as he directed, and was glad to find myself outside the door.

"I am sure that you are pleased with our arrangements," said Dr. Venable. "No one could be otherwise. Everything is done to make the pupils thoroughly subordinate, tractable, amenable to discipline, and to fill them with the highest sentiments of patriotism. Nothing could be more perfect!"

"Nothing," I acquiesced mildly, and took my leave.

♦♦♦♦

Mr. Sprinkel

By Margretta Scott

ILIVED in the same boarding-house with the Sprinkels. He was small and boyishly slender, with yellow hair and light-colored, gentle eyes. From the minute I saw him I knew that he had a wistful blonde soul, and I was glad that he had her for its guardian.

She was a person who made you conscious only of her body. You felt stronger when you looked at her; her vitality seemed to go into you and become a part of you. She had quantities of black, wiry hair; hard, red cheeks, and eyes that snapped like two electric sparks.

But, when you saw them together she seemed different—she was less hard, less red, less snappy. His blondness and his wistfulness enveloped her like a light, soft veil, and you saw her through a mist.

Mr. Sprinkel was a clerk in a packing-house, and Mrs. Sprinkel a stenographer in a lawyer's office. She arrived home from her work before he did, and used to watch for him at the corner. There was something vigilant in her watching. She wore an aggressive air that seemed to defy anything to hurt him until he came to her.

I could see him get off the car, a frail little man, weighed down with a load of weariness that stooped his shoulders and lagged his steps, but, as soon as he saw her, he straightened his back and quickened his pace. She would take his arm; they would wheel about like two soldiers and walk up the street, talking animatedly, their faces turned towards each other, and utterly oblivious of what was above, below, or around them.

He was very punctilious about the little things. If it were raining and she awaited him with an umbrella, he took it quickly, although he had to hold the handle by the very end, and lift his arm to an unnatural angle to make it cover her. He always walked on the outside of the pavement and helped her carefully over the curb-stones.

They did light housekeeping in their room and, when I passed their door near supper-time, I would smell appetizing odors stealing out into the hall, and I would hear the high notes of Mr. Sprinkel's flute playing away the horrors of the packing-house.

When the meal was ready, the playing would cease and I would hear the murmur of voices; then the clatter of dishes and the renewed voice of the flute, stronger now—an after-supper voice.

In the mornings they started off together, and I always thought of a capable ma-ma taking her little boy to school. He was so clean and well-brushed, and he carried his lunch in a neatly-tied package.

One evening Mr. Sprinkel came home looking as though the candle of his soul had been extinguished by a rude hand. He had a crumpled, shamed expression on his face and, when I heard the wail of his flute, I knew that something terrible had happened.

The next morning Mrs. Sprinkel started out for work alone, and, as she got to the corner she turned around and waved her handkerchief. I thought I could see the face of her husband flattened against the window-pane, and his wan smile of recognition at that cheerful farewell.

Later, I found out that Mr. Sprinkel had lost his position at the packing-house. He must have made a very poor clerk, always pitying the fate of the animals, and thinking about Mrs. Sprinkel and his flute.

Then started a long, unsuccessful search for work. He would leave the house right after breakfast and not come back until lunch-time. I could hear the door of his room slam, and the key turn in the lock.

For an hour he played his flute with such wild abandon that the most exclusive of the boarders complained. She said that she was melancholic anyway and, if that flute-playing didn't stop, she was afraid that she would do away with herself.

Evidently there was a private interviewing of Mr. Sprinkel, for we were undisturbed except for the to-be-expected noises of a boarding-house: women talking, the slamming of doors, and the ringing of the bell.

Now, Mr. Sprinkel came home to fix his lunch and left immediately afterwards with a long, narrow bundle, wrapped in brown paper, tucked lovingly under his arm.

One spring day I decided to take my sewing to the park. I had no sooner settled myself on a bench than I heard faint, sweet notes, like the pipings of some descendant of Pan's who had managed to survive and had grown up unknown and unnoticed, and was giving a concert to some few of the elect.

I followed the sound and, as I drew nearer, it became less sweet, and hauntingly familiar. It seemed to come from some high shrubberies directly in front of me. I stood on tip-toe to look over them, and I saw Mr. Sprinkel. He was sitting on the grass, his hat and coat off, playing his flute to an audience of inattentive, twittering birds and a listening blue sky. Near him fluttered a piece of brown wrapping-paper.

Week after week went by and Mr. Sprinkel was still searching for work. Each day he came home more discouraged, and looking blonder and more wistful. Now, it was he who waited at the corner for Mrs. Sprinkel and not even her coming had a stimulating effect.

One evening I saw them walking up the street and, at first glance, I knew that all was as it used to be. Mr. Sprinkel held himself straight and walked briskly.

After supper the notes of his flute went skipping upward, whirling through the transom to the listening ears of the boarding-house.

I went to the kitchen to find the landlady. I wanted to discuss with her the changed state of Mr. Sprinkel's soul. She was washing the dishes and brightened visibly at the prospect of talking to someone.

"Mrs. Kelly," I said, "has Mr. Sprinkel found a position?"

"Yes," she replied, "he come to me to-night and asked for a desk to be put in his room; said he had a job doing secretary work for his wife's boss. It ain't a steady job but he's going to keep it until he finds something better." She polished the tumblers diligently. "He's going to work all day and have his letters tied up by evening, ready for his wife to take to the office."

"I'm glad of that. I think he was very worried."

The landlady looked important and leaned forward with the air of taking me into her confidence.

"He was awful worried about expenses. His wife come to me and told me all about it. You know she has a bit of money, and she wanted to help him out, but he says, 'No, as long as I'm living you'll keep your money. When I'm dead you'll have to use it.' For such a little man he has a lot of spunk."

Before I went to bed that evening I had a relieved feeling. The feeling one has when there is a sick person in the house who is on the road to recovery.

Early one Saturday morning I started out for a walk. A little ahead of me I saw Mrs. Sprinkel with her package of letters under her arm—Mr. Sprinkel's work of the day before.

I was tired of my usual route; so I decided to follow her and go in a new direction. She turned down a narrow out-of-the-way street, at the foot of

which ran a muddy stream—the source of most of the funny paper jokes.

As I was admiring her long, firm strides she glanced back over her shoulder and I stepped quickly behind a tree. It was too soon after breakfast to start a conversation.

Suddenly she stopped in the middle of the pavement and looked cautiously around; then she walked close to the stream, threw in the package of letters and hurried away like a criminal leaving the place of his crime.

That evening I was in the parlor when Mr. Sprinkel walked up to Mrs. Kelly and took a slender roll of bills out of his pocket. His light-colored eyes were beaming and I heard his soft, monotonous voice saying,

"I want to pay last month's rent; I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. Now that I'm working it won't happen again."



Clanricarde

AN IRISH LANDLORD IN EXCELSIS.

By Louis J. McQuilland

HUBERT GEORGE DE BURGH CANNING, second Marquis of Clanricarde, is gone, and the world is better for his departure. The question of his future is a strong argument in favour of the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. There is no good interred with his bones, and some of the evil that he has done lives after him. He is the last of the Irish landlords of the Old Régime, a domination as oppressive as any that ever cursed a Christian land. It is impossible to write of Clanricarde without employing terms of melodrama, for he was that rare and phenomenal creature, a man unblessed by any kindly impulse, a man who from his earliest years said, "Evil, be thou my good." Even in the comparatively happy Ireland of to-day the horrors of the old time remain as menaces. "The curse of Cromwell on you!" is as deadly an imprecation as one Irishman can hurl at another. But the curse of Clanricarde is still a living thing. Wherever he went in Ireland a shadow went over the face of the land. In London he himself avoided the light of the sun, stealing out furtively in the darkness, clad almost in rags; for one of the most despicable of his qualities was that of sordid miserliness. And in the night his soul was demanded of him. In an old song (I again use the inevitable language of melodrama) there is a line which says that an orphan's curse will drag a man from on high. On that mean and shambling spirit the curse of the orphan and the widow, of broken and desperate men, of souls driven to a shameful death, will lie heavy round its neck.

Between May, 1879, and February, 1893, two hundred and thirty-eight families, approximately 1,500 souls, were evicted from the Clanricarde Estate in County Galway. This was at a time when eviction, in Mr. Gladstone's phrase, spelt sentence of death. The process of driving the tenants out cost the English Government close on £28,000. The Clanricarde Estate of 4,500 acres was a constant source of misery, not only to the unfortunate tenants, but to every Chief Secretary who strove for any settlement of the terrible conditions prevailing. Mr. Balfour who, during his career as Irish Chief Secretary, lent to Clanricarde all the forces of the Crown, afterwards abandoned his support of the Marquis in disgust, and was driven to state in the House of Commons that if anyone would bring in a Bill for the expropriation of Lord Clanricarde he would back it. Curiously enough, such an Expropriation Bill was actually introduced. The Attorney General for Ireland, Mr. Atkinson, afterwards Lord Atkinson, who constantly acted as Crown Prosecutor on Clanricarde's behalf, had to express in court his opinion of the operations on the Clanricarde Estate as "devil's work"—and Mr. Atkinson was not a very squeamish gentleman, at any rate in his

legal capacity. The most damning indictment of all was that of Mr. Birrell, who said that the estate was "haunted by the ghosts of murdered men." The whole forces of the English Government backed up the Marquis. For years the Estate was an armed camp. Many of the wretched tenants endeavoured to remain in cabins of which the roofs had been removed and the few poor articles of furniture destroyed. "They have taken everything from us," said one of the haggard victims, "but God's air and God's sunlight." The poor creature was too thankful for such bleak shelter to complain of God's wind and rain. If a tenant left in possession endeavoured to give food or succour to one of his evicted neighbours, he too was evicted. The old women and the young girls and children were flung out on the roadside. Of course, bloody deeds happened. Desperate men, seeing their families dying before their eyes, and themselves in the throes of starvation, shot at the agents since they could not get at the absentee principal. One of Clanricarde's two unconscious witticisms was when writing to a rebellious tenant, he said, "Do not think you can intimidate me in London by shooting my agent in Woodford." A grimmer stroke of unwitting humour was when he protested against the Estates Commissioners' scheme to put the tenants back on the land, and said that "the whole proposal was tainted with the callous levity of despotism."

Gladstone said of Abdul Hamid that he had erected the negation of God into a system of Government. Dublin Castle made of the defence of Clanricarde in his offences against humanity a political policy. Clanricarde was the God in the Irish Machine, the Moloch that was to devour the wretched Celtic peasantry, if not in mass, at least as part of a general principle of expropriating the whole Irish race. The late Mr. John Roche, member for North Galway, a gallant and quixotic spirit, fought the Marquis tooth-and-nail, and suffered terms of penal servitude for his championship of the oppressed and injured. The whole Irish Party at one time concentrated all their efforts round the Clanricarde Estate. Against them were all the forces of the Crown, legal and military, and this implacable old man. The fight was a very long and very bitter one, but the Irish Party won, and John Roche, long before his death, had the satisfaction of seeing the whole of the bad old land system of Ireland thrown on the rubbish heap, and the survivors of the evicted tenants restored to the Clanricarde Estate. But this old protagonist outlived him, a man shunned and distrusted by his kind. On the few occasions when he re-visited the Upper House he was cold-shouldered by his fellow peers, and it is on record that he even scandalized the *Times*.

In appearance the Marquis resembled a beggar, and his garments, such as they were, were made by his own hands. He lived in the utmost penury, and never had a decent meal. The one extraordinary feature of conflict to this parsimony of life was his mania for collecting valuable pictures and curios. It is scarcely possible that such a man could have derived any aesthetic pleasure from such acquisitions, especially in view of the fact that at his place in Ireland, once a castle, and now reduced by his squalor to the condition of ruin, fine paintings were found nailed to the backs of old barn doors. It is possible that he bought these objects of art cheap to sell again, or he may have acquired them by barter; for one of his malignant activities was as a money-lender at exorbitant interest.

Clanricarde's name will go down to future generations of Irishmen with that of Castlereagh. It would be an hypocrisy too base for humanity to speak well of such dead as these. In all his sordid life there is not one little deed of kindness or mercy that stands to his name. There is not one little white patch to relieve the murky blackness of his days. He was a tyrant and a persecutor, insatiable in his greed as in his hate. And now he has gone to his reward.

From the New Witness.

Letters From the People

Somewhere in America

May 10, 1916.

Sir:

On the third of July last, at sunrise, at the foot of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, I proclaimed publicly the independence of Ireland. I begat the Irish Republic on the Great Mother Time. In due course the first-born has come to light; and its martyr blood cries to heaven from the ruins of Dublin.

The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Republic. Smitten to earth, we rise again, ninefold more strong.

But must blood still call for blood? Hate still breed Hate? "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do!" Ireland was of old the Island of the Saints; for many a long year she has been the Island of the Martyrs. For me, the watchword of our Free Republic shall not be revenge, but forgiveness. I would make Ireland the Arbiter of Universal Peace. Let us but be free to follow our great destiny and all men—and our oppressors first—shall be our brothers. In this hour when the mildest man might well be lashed to fury I hold out the swordless hand of fellowship. England! There are stainless and noble passages even in your history. If we, as we gaze upon the bodies of our murdered brothers, remember them, cannot you do likewise?

Let us be free; let us have peace! To-morrow I may cite that other word of Christ: "Lo! I bring not peace, but a sword."

God save the Irish Republic!

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

To the Editor, Reedy's Mirror,
St. Louis, Mo.

*

Memories of Ireland

3523 Wyoming street,
May 15, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The recent tragic uprising in Dublin has, I am afraid, aroused bitter memories that will not die with the present generation of Irishmen. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the causes that led up to the outbreak to make any comment on the present unfortunate state of affairs in Ireland, but I wish to call your attention to the life and writings of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the man who has influenced most revolutionary Irishmen.

Tone's character and opinions are as interesting as any of the actors of the great drama of the French Revolution. In ability and genius he almost surpassed any man who lived in the last ten years of the eighteenth century. In 1791, at the age of 28, he formed the Society of United Irishmen in Belfast. They were all Protestants and their programme at first was not radical. The organization was not then a secret combination of men, and, looking back now, one is amazed at the stupid brutality of the British Government in not conceding some of their demands. They were driven to cover about 1794, when the first treason trial held for more than

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| Striped Crepe Georgian, the yard | 2.50 |
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a century in Ireland took place in Dublin. An Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. W. Jackson, was the victim. He took poison in the dock as the judge was about to pass sentence on him. "We have deceived the Senate," he said, and died. Tone then fled to France. "He went to Paris," said Wellington, "with twenty guineas in his pocket to overthrow the British Empire, and he came nearer to success than any man that ever tried it. * * * His Journal is the most fascinating book I ever read."

Hoche and Carnot were then the two most powerful men in France. Tone soon convinced them of the advisability of making an effort to wrest Ireland from her British connection. It is now generally recognized that only the accident that scattered the French ships fitted out for the Irish expedition, prevented the consummation of his plans. Tone made several attempts to land a French force in Ireland from 1796 to 1798. For restless, relentless energy he probably has no equal in history. He was finally captured after a desperate

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fight on a French sloop of war, in Lough Swilly. Tone, like the Rev. Mr. Jackson, committed suicide on the day set for his execution. Napoleon remembered Tone and was very kind to his family. At St. Helena, the conqueror of Europe regretted that he did not go to Ireland instead of Egypt in 1798. All modern Irish History is condensed into two books, "The Diary of Tone" and "The Hard Times," by George Birmingham. Birmingham wrote many stories of Irish life, humorous and otherwise, but the books I mention surpass anything written about the Irish question in the last century.

As a legacy to Ireland, Tone left his memory, the green flag, and his journal in which the song of hate was first sung against England. It is hard to

procure a copy of his book even in the U. S. The English publishers have seen to that. Tone's son was an officer in the U. S. Army. I do not know if he left any descendants, but heard that Admiral Sampson was one of his grandsons.

The pathetic figure of Erin was long ago described by the prophet Jeremiah.

"Mourning she hath wept in the night and her tears are on her face; there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her."

In one of his plays William Butler Yeats describes her as an old woman, saying:

"It is hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked; many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs

and the rushes will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries; many a good plan will be broken; many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its christening to give it a name. They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that, they will think they are well paid."

*"They shall be remembered forever,
They shall be alive forever,
They shall be speaking forever,
The people shall hear them forever."*

As for Pease, the son of an Englishman, who looked back to Tone for inspiration, I can only say with the poet Davis:

*"Ululu! ululu! wail for the dead.
Green grow the grass of Fingal on his
head;
And spring flowers blossom, ere else-
where appearing,
And shamrocks grow thick on this
Martyr for Erin."*

Respectfully,
THOS. I. MACAULEY.

*

Compulsory Health Insurance

St. Louis, May 14, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Are you aware that the "reformers" and pro-pecuniary philanthropists of the United States are rapidly perfecting benevolent tyrannies that menace the freedom and independence of the people?

From compulsory vaccination to suspension of the right of habeas corpus under color of "public sanitation," there is but a step. And, though you may not know it, the coalition of public and private medical interests has in view the nation-wide enforcement of an inquisitional system of "State medicine" which is to put the *coup de grace* to such liberties as the corporate system of production and sale of commodities has left to the ordinary citizen.

The most recent invasion of personal rights and liberties is the "Health Insurance" scheme as embodied in the Mills Bill at Albany, and similar measures in other states. It proposes a compulsory tax on the wages of most workers, an equal tax on the profits of employers, and a smaller dip into the general tax levy of the state, to provide benefits and medical attendance for workers who happen to fall sick.

The Hottentot in the cordwood is the implied scheme whereby a certain number of knee-and-neck-bending "ethical" physicians become state functionaries, and feudal lords over fee money thus wrenched unwillingly from workers and employers.

Workers have their unions and the unions have their voluntary insurance and sick benefit plans, adjusted to their needs. These relief devices may not be ultra-scientific, in the actuarial estimation, but they represent the average commonsense, and the rock-bottom judgment of the men and women who must bear the cost and, in case of trouble, reap the benefits. At any rate, these intra-guild insurance devices have the advantage of being free from State interference, and the greater advantage of fostering no parasite class of sap-

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suckers to harrass the workingman under the aegis and authority of the State.

Sickness insurance is incontestably a good thing, taken in the abstract. If operated at the expense of the State as a measure of justice to individuals whose capitalized, or vital, value will be lost to the national wealth if they are incapacitated for labor, the system might be defensible. But *soi-disant* philanthropy, which really is a grievous invasion of the rights of individuals to manage their affairs separately or in voluntary social groups, ought to be fought to the death by all who believe that liberty is an endowment too precious to barter for any kind of "benevolent tyranny."

Let's have this "Compulsory Insurance" scheme thrashed out on the open floor of popular discussion. And let every legislator vote "Nay" on these Bills until his constituents order him to vote "Yea."

Down with the tyranny of a medical inquisition! LOUIS ALBERT LAMB.

*

For Cheap Opera

St. Louis, May 12, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your plea for good opera at a price within reach of the comparatively poor (which class unfortunately includes the greater number of genuine music-lovers) should evoke hearty endorse-

ment from all St. Louisans. If the operas exquisitely rendered can be heard in Germany for the equivalent of a dime—René L. Becker is my authority for this statement—why not here for a quarter, or at most, fifty cents? Of course, this doesn't bar the three and six-dollar box seats for those who prefer to pay those prices.

But I can't agree that the Jai Alai would be a suitable opera house. In my opinion, it is poorly situated, considering its immediate locality and the city in general. A car-line runs past it, and worse, the DeBaliviere car sheds are directly opposite. Anyone who has been annoyed by the rumbling of cars past the Shubert theater and then contrasts an undisturbed evening in the Victoria, will realize the advantage of being a block away from the street cars. The Jai Alai is far from being sound-proof, and the twenty-five cent seats will be nearer the street than the stage.

Moreover, the Jai Alai is too far west to be easily accessible to the whole city. You say that an overwhelming proportion of the subscribers to the Symphony fund live within a very few blocks of this building, but are not "the subscribers to the Symphony fund" those who "approach it in limousines?" That class, whom you already have and to whom no concessions need be made, would find the Century Boat Club just as accessible. To make opera possible

for the poor man—the poor South Side German as well as the rich South Side German, and the Italians and Spaniards of Carondelet, the opera house should be more centrally located. The laboring man who lives at 8500 South Broadway could not (without the aid of the defunct jitney) reach the Jai Alai in time for the performance unless he should come in his overalls and dinnerless.

LORGNETTE.

"If I Were President Wilson"

St. Louis, May 14, 1916.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The nucleus of your article as I read it is that if the people of the warring countries knew exactly why or for what they were fighting they would soon agree upon an amicable adjustment of their differences, or they would discover that none exist.

Therefore, to secure this knowledge for the common people you would have President Wilson demand that the bellicose governments declare their aims, and you would then have him judge which was more nearly right: if his judgment favored the Allies, you would sever diplomatic relations with Germany; if on the other hand he deemed Germany to be in the right, you would place an embargo on all shipments to the Allies—either of which courses you

believe would indirectly bring about a speedy conclusion of the war.

Would you not be making of President Wilson a sort of pope? What assurance would you or the nation have that his decision would be just, unprejudiced, unerring, infallible?

You would have President Wilson demand these peace terms as the chief executive of a suffering neutral nation, but in the event that both the Allies and the German governments should selfishly consider their own sufferings paramount and decline to accede to your demand on the ground that to thus show their hand to their enemies would be to defeat their own purposes, what would you do then?

If a severance of diplomatic relations with Germany and an embargo upon shipments to the Allies would contribute to a shortening of the war, why not take both steps immediately?

A. MEYERHEIMER.

R. A.
◆◆◆

An Early Gothic Window

By Louis Albert Lamb

Evidences multiply that the war has routed the "Futurists" and *Passéphobes*. Witness two proofs close at hand: Item, George D. Barnett's renaissance of the Byzantine tradition in mosaic for the apse and altar of the St. Louis cathedral. Item, Miss Caroline Blackman's renaissance of the eleventh century spirit and technique in stained glass—her absolute *redivivus* of the Early Gothic handling in the splendid Fischel Memorial window recently dedicated in Sheldon Memorial Hall. This *Ex Voto* is fit to glorify God, to keep in everlasting remembrance the abounding goodness and humanity of the late Washington E. Fischel, M. D., and to be the *primum opus* of the most virile of our feminine artists. *Nolle-pros-ing* all persiflage, it is a considerable work of art.

HISTORICUS.

[There was such a man. His name was Posey. He was thought to be Washington's natural son. The relationship was never proved.—Editor the MIRROR.]

"Juggernaut"

New York, May 17, 1916.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

Mr. John L. Hervey, in his recent article on the poems of Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, alludes to the fact that Mrs. Robinson's sonnet "Juggernaut" had previously been given favorable mention in the MIRROR. If so, it escaped my notice, much to my regret. Nevertheless, I wish to still add, with your courtesy for space, a few words of further praise for this truly remarkable sonnet. It is, as Mr. Hervey justly terms it, "a magnificent utterance." In its emotional appeal, it is rather the lament of a goddess than a cry from the human heart. And it has, besides being a technically flawless piece of work, the great quality of sublimity—a quality that is lacking in the poetry of nearly all women. It seems to me not only the finest sonnet ever written by a woman, but one of the finest love sonnets in literature. In the latter respect only those of Dante Gabriel Rossetti are worthy of comparison with it. From a standpoint of fervor and beauty, several of Mrs. Browning's sonnets approximate it. But Alice Meynell's "Renouncement" and Christina Rossetti's "Remember" pale before the sublimity of its utterance. Among the women poets of

America, and there are many who handle the archetypal form in an admirable way, none has written anything to equal "Juggernaut." Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ariadne's Farewell" and Catherine Markham's "Sappho" make some approach to it emotionally. So, too, do the "Venus of the Louvre" of Emma Lazarus, and "Surrender" of Amélie Rives. But they lack its Olympian splendor, and the much-lauded "Tears" of Lizette Woodworth Reese is very ordinary beside it. While Mrs. Robinson's other sonnets do not quite reach the height of "Juggernaut," they are all of unusual merit. And her work, as a whole, is worthy to rank with the best of any living American poet.

R. A.

A Son of Washington

Anna, Ill., May 12, 1916.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

I see a man has been fined in court somewhere out west for libelling George Washington. He said George was a land-grabber and that he was other things. Now, is there not a tradition that a natural son of the Father of his Country was given high honors in the army, that he was shown much deference by officials generally because of the understanding of his origin, that he so much resembled Washington that people generally were ready to believe he was the First President's son?

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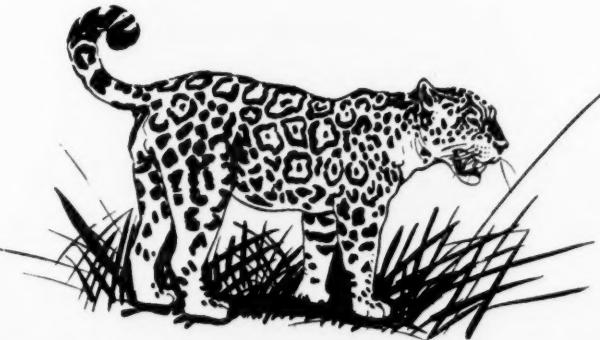
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splendent fame is dimmed by his horrid penchant for opalescent, earthy and "marbled" glasses. This is "contrary to the ordinance in that case made and provided" by the Immortals of the Glaziers' Guild. And it is an offense to all

who love a stained window for its vitreous quality.

The young woman promptly summed up the life of Dr. Fischel in three sketch cartoons, with two figures in the central panel and one figure in

each of the lateral panels. "Love of Fellowship" was typed in the first; "Wisdom" in the second; "The Service of Humanity" or "The Good Samaritan," in the third, or central, "light." Pictorial representation was absolutely forsaken in the working out of these types. Imitative modeling of flesh and imitative painting of flesh tones were strictly avoided, broad masses of unshaded *grisaille*—gray glass—being used, with the least possible outline-drawing in the leads. The artist made no elaborate set of pattern cartoons, but with her design fully perfected in her head she repaired to the stained glass shop of Emil Frei & Son in South St. Louis, and announced her intention to design and execute the window, piece by piece, in the actual glasses. The glass men said it was "unusual," "impossible," "extraordinary," but the girl's will was more inflexible than the antique glasses. She executed the window just that way.

It is exactly the way the unknown artists of the Rheims cathedral wrought their windows, thinking in glass and lead *a priori*, not in paper and paint, with glass and lead as *a posteriori* complications. And, following the model of the purest Gothic, she used the various colors in their purity and gem-like brilliancy, except in rare spots where fusible, vitreous painting was necessary to give greater opacity. By varying the thickness of the panes, or *tesserae*, of the colored glasses, wonderful gradations are attained in draperies without impairing the transparency and brilliancy of the material. Gold and copper ruby, ranging from pale rose to deepest crimson, are set off against corresponding greens ranging from true emerald to Corot sage-gray-green. Deep cobalt blues, either alone or in combination with ruby tints to form royal purples and deep violets, are artfully contrasted with glowing yellows, from the most delicious citron that ever dusted a butterfly's wing to the most brilliant of orange. With such materials, handled by a consummate instinct for "values" and "balance," it will be conceived that the central panel of the symbolized "Good Samaritan" rivets the attention precisely as a tray of sapphires, emeralds, rubies and diamonds would, if surrounded with dull jaspers and jets. The window, in fact, is a glowing *piercerie*—the pectoral of a Titan high priest in the temple of Friendship! Aside from the superb harmony of pure colors used in almost elemental brilliancy and the noble symbolization of the heart's blood of Humanity by the disposition of the crimsons in an all-embracing band of pulsing light around the central group of the "Samaritan," the virtuousness of the design is found in the decorative handling of the "leadings" and in the significant arrangement of the constituent *tesserae* or panes of glass, whereby unity is obtained without conscious effort or obvious intent.

To meet the requirements of illumination, and also to offer the necessary foil for the jewel-like panels of the composition, Miss Blackman employs three quasi-canopy panels of *grisaille* in rather brilliant tones of yellow, green and gray. This accessory is managed with captivating freedom and unconven-

tional, in irregular oblongs, all the "leading" being in curves and not in right lines.

Beautiful as the work is to look at, it commands close study as the most noteworthy example in the city of stained glass as it was done by the masters who set the solar spectrum in the apertures of Rheims, Cologne and Canterbury.

Music

By Victor Lichtenstein

The demi-gods, to borrow a happy phrase from Mr. Damrosch himself, exercised the magic of their Olympian power over us at the Odeon last Thursday evening. Four names only made up the entire programme: the tender Schumann, represented by his piano concerto in A minor; the impressionistic Debussy with his prelude to "*L'après-midi d'un Faune*"; the Australian Grainger, in a setting of rollicking British folk songs and dances, and an unknown Russian, Kalinnikow, who cast the witchery of his spell upon everyone in the audience with a lovely symphony.

Mr. Damrosch is a very fortunate man; after the usual struggle of the American orchestral conductor for the needful sinews of war, he is now enabled, through the munificence of Mr. Flagler, to conduct a body of excellent artists and to devote himself exclusively to the improvement of this orchestra in purely symphonic music. No longer is he compelled to "pass the hat" for a miserable annual stipend of a few thousand dollars, a horribly repugnant task even to the most case-hardened beggar. In a pithy address at the City Club on "The Symphony Orchestra as a Civic Asset," Mr. Damrosch repeated what we have had dinned into our ears for years past at innumerable lectures, that music, far from being a luxury, is the inalienable right of every man and woman in the community, and of every child likewise, not excluding the boys. He emphasized the necessity of substituting "the kinetic equivalent" for our popular ragtime diet. He prophesied very humorously that in less than twenty-five years, St. Louis would have two Symphony Orchestras, each with an endowment of a million dollars! But most potent of all in his propaganda for good music in the community, was the object lesson of his concert itself. The Symphony, as transparent and symmetrical as a sonnet of Keats or a quartette of Haydn, filled with the tender melancholy and riotous joy-of-living of the primitive folk of earth, gripped its auditors. "Molly on the Shore" and "Shepherd's Hey," superb settings of an Irish reel and a morris dance by Grainger, infectious in their rhythmic gayety, and the Irish tune, noble and sorrowful as the great tender heart of the Irish nation, were a fitting close to an evening rich in deep emotional experiences. Debussy's exotic "Faun" was reproduced in a marvelous manner, and I felt more than ever that the poetical Frenchman had caught the elusive woodland perfume of Mallarmé's poem.

Mr. Josef Hofmann played Schumann's concerto with sovereign power and splendid grasp of its spiritual sig-

significance. He was magnificently supported by the orchestra, which, in the last movement, with its delightful cross rhythms, achieved a virtuoso success. The rapturous acclaim of the audience compelled him to add five encores, among which Schumann-Taussig's "Contrabandista" and Liszt's transcription of Paganini's "Campanella" showed his unimpaired mastery of his art. Even the orchestra played an encore, an unusual event at a Symphony concert! This was a delightful Pastoral for three instruments, from Damrosch's incidental music to "Iphigenia in Aulis," in which the first flutist, first clarinetist, and harpist shone like stars of the first magnitude.

Music in the Schools,

In line with the enormous increase in interest in music in these United States of America is the attention being paid to the divine art in our public schools. Much has already been done but infinitely more remains to be accomplished. A gratifying expression of this interest was the splendid performance of numerous excerpts from Verdi's "Aida" at the Grover Cleveland High School Auditorium last Friday evening. The choruses were sung by six hundred and fifty high school pupils, one hundred and thirty from each of our five public high schools; and the solo parts were allotted to Mrs. Blanche Skrainka (*Aida*), Miss Olga Hambuechen (*Amneris*), James J. Rohan (*Radames*), Louis Templeman (*Amonasro*), Dr. J. J. Kessler (*Ramphis*) and Frank Ingalls (*King*). The instrumental accompaniment was performed by Mrs. Esmeralda Berry Mayes and Mr. D. H. Cleland at the piano and Miss M. Teresa Finn at the organ.

When the San Carlo Opera Company played in St. Louis this season, two special matinees were given at reduced rates for the high school pupils of the city, and about four thousand of these attended and heard grand opera probably for the first time in their lives. The company also sent six of its soloists to the different high schools and these singers sang solo excerpts from the stage,

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while the pupils in the auditorium gave the choruses. All this is eminently practical, useful, and above all, cultural in the finest sense of the word.

But the schools must go still farther: all of the pupils, with the very few exceptions (comprising those who are absolutely tone deaf), should be given the fundamentals of music, comprising ear training, sight singing, (according to the immovable *do* system), the elements of musical theory, and practical instruction upon the important instruments of the orchestra. A very modest beginning has already been made in certain sections of our land and pupils can have instruction on the violin without charge. In the city of London, England, more than two hundred thousand school children are taught the violin during school hours and given an annual concert in Albert

Hall in which more than six thousand players hold forth. Musical history and aesthetics should likewise be taught and classes in music appreciation formed. This seems like an immense programme, but it is certainly not impossible of fulfillment. All this instruction, of course, must be given by experts and lovers of humanity to achieve the desired results. But I digress.

At the "Aida" performance the children, under Mr. Coburn's direction, sang with astonishing verve and with unfailing purity of intonation, a truly remarkable feat, and yet not so remarkable if we have the proper faith in the potentialities of youth. (I have elsewhere in the MIRROR spoken of the fine artistic results attained by the chorus of school children in the Cincinnati music festivals; in nearly every instance they overshadowed in respect to finish and accuracy the work of the adult choruses.)

The solo parts were in capable hands. Mrs. Blanche Skrainka, who is not only a singer of fine achievement, but whose talent as brush artist is by no means insignificant, gave a temperamental reading of the role of the ill-fated Ethiopian princess. Miss Olga Hambuechen, the fortunate possessor of a rich and noble contralto, sang *Amneris* feelingly, and the gentlemen of the cast were fully adequate to the demands of the occasion. The soloists were rehearsed by our well-known voice pedagogue, Mr. E. A. Taussig, five of whom are his pupils.

♦

An Open Air "Siegfried."

I do not know how many years it is since "Siegfried" was last heard in St. Louis, but it must have been in the late eighties or the early nineties of the last century. Now we have the gratifying assurance of a performance of this lovely music-drama with a cast fully worthy of its beauty and majesty, at Robison Field, June 13th. Sembach will be *Siegfried*; Gadski will sing *Brunnhilde*; Whitehill will attempt to bar the young hero's impetuous march toward the sleeping *Valkyrie*, and Schumann-Heink will simulate the ghostly *Erda*. The other roles are in excellent hands; Reiss as *Mimi*, Goritz as *Alberich*, Braun the *Dragon*, and Hempel the *Forest Bird*. The grand-stand will be converted into an auditorium, and seats will be sold from a dollar and fifty cents up to three dollars. The boxes (of which there will be seventy) will cost five dollars a seat. An orchestra of one hundred men under Bodanksy, the new Metropolitan Opera conductor, will play the enchanting forest music of this drama. The event will fittingly follow the *al fresco* presentation of "As You Like It" in Forest Park, in a community commemoration of Shakespeare's tercentenary.

♦♦♦

A Musical Missionary.

John C. Freund, editor of *Musical America*, will deliver his address on "The Musical Independence of the United States" under the auspices of The Associated Musical Clubs and Musicians and Music Department of Public Schools, in the Soldan High School Auditorium, on Friday evening, May

26th, 1916. During the past three years he has appeared before the leading musical societies in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta, Nashville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo, Cleveland, Wichita, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio, New Orleans, Hartford and other cities prosecuting his propaganda for the recognition of the American music teacher, composer and performer. This propaganda has led to a general movement among music teachers' associations to standardize and regulate through legislative action their profession, and it has stimulated a strong demand for the public performance of compositions by American musicians. Mr. Freund fights to eliminate the army of charlatans and incompetents in music. He would have laws passed compelling the registration of music teachers after they have demonstrated their fitness to teach. He would standardize the profession of music as the legal and medical professions are standardized. Mr. Freund has been prominent in the field of musical journalism in this country for nearly half a century. He is an Englishman by birth, but came to this country in the seventies, publishing the first musical paper in the English language to be issued in New York City.

♦♦♦

Coming Shows

The Park Play Prizes

Last January the management of the Park and Shenandoah theaters offered prizes for the best two plays submitted within two months. A committee was chosen to read the plays submitted and to award the prizes. That committee was composed of Professor Otto Heller, Professor Melville Burke, Mr. Frederick Bishop, director of the Park and Shenandoah theaters, Mr. James Hagerman, Jr., general manager of those theaters, and Mr. William Marion Reedy.

There were eighty-two plays submitted. Every kind of play ever seen or heard of made its appearance in the batch. The reading of these plays occupied about four weeks of the committeemen's spare time. Their labors, not altogether unpleasant, were concluded last Sunday evening and the announcement of the prizes was made from the stage of the Park Theater by Mr. Bishop.

The first prize was given to Mrs. Leila Chopin Hattersley for a comedy entitled, "Kitty Comes In." This is described as a delightful play of love and politics. The plot is novel and the situations unhackneyed, while the dialogue is very clever. This play will be presented by the Park Players during the week beginning May 29. It is now in rehearsal.

The second prize was given to Mr. William Bruce Carson for a play entitled "Pro Patria." The scene is located "somewhere in France" and the motive of the play is an acute glorification of patriotism. There are three or four gripping scenes in it, and a smashing denouement. The play, while dealing with the war with extreme directness, nevertheless ends upon a high note of neutrality that will please both pro-Allies and pro-Teutons. Mr. Carson's



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play will be presented by the Park Players early in the fall.

The committee made no detailed report of its general impression of the plays examined. It is understood, however, that out of the eighty-two manuscripts submitted there were somewhat more than a dozen which came in for careful consideration after the first reading. The showing of dramatic talent was very good indeed.

♦

On Monday evening the Park Opera Company opens the week with the successful musical comedy, "A Modern Eve." This production will mark Louise Allen's last appearances at the Park before taking her annual summer vacation. Miss Allen has played in more than fifty productions with a versatility that is all her own. Her last two weeks with the opera company will be featured with testimonial performances at both theaters and with stage receptions at all matinees, where she will bid adieu to all her friends and admirers. "A Modern Eve" was chosen as Miss Allen's farewell production because of the many opportunities it offers for her particular line of work. Singing, dancing and comedy seem to be her specialties, and "A Modern Eve" provides all of these. Miss Allen and Harry Fender will be seen in several dances together. Raymond Crane, the new comedian who is to assist Billy Kent in handling the comedy roles, makes his premier appearance in this same production. Another

newcomer is Miss Meade Foster, who has been cast as *Baroness de la Roche Taille*, the Siren.

♦

"The Wizard of the Nile" is holding forth at the Shenandoah this week. Frank Moulan, as *Kibosh*, the wizard, is in the last of his twenty weeks in St. Louis, and the patrons of the Park and Shenandoah have had much joy of him.

♦

The Thomas H. Ince five-reel film for next week at the American Theater will be "The Primal Lure." Its story is laid in the wild Canadian Northwest. Mr. William S. Hart takes the leading role, as a man of power and master of fate. Supporting him will be seen Margaret Wilson, Robert McKim, Jerome Storm and other favorites. The Griffith five-reel subject will be "A Child of the Paris Streets." The scenes will be laid in the Latin Quarter, enacting all the romance of that region of Bohemia. Miss Mae Marsh and Robert Harron will be the featured players. There are big thrills in the representations of the Apaches of Paris. There will be the usual, or rather unusual, two Mack Sennett Keystone comedies.

♦

A big bill comes on at the Grand Opera House next week, beginning Monday. First are the Schwartz Brothers in their famous imported pantomime sketch, "The Broken Mirror." This is a highly finished example of wordless

comedy. It should be of intense local interest following the Gertrude Hoffman success in the pantomime tragedy, "Sumurun." Rogers, Pollock & Rogers in their farcical sketch, "Bobby," will offer some new frills upon an old comic subject. Singing and dancing and quick-fire fun make a pyrotechnic setting for the efforts of an elderly "rube" to get among the girls behind the scenes. Another big laughter-making card will be "The Burglar's Union," comedy with a minstrel flavor. James Thomson and a good company will present it, mostly in black-face. A novel and pretty aerial act will be shown by the Curzon Sisters. Other numbers will be the three Bortows in graceful and startling athletics; Willing and Jordan in songs and piano numbers; El Cota, the xylophone soloist; Anna Mae Belle, a melodious comedienne; Artame, the dare-devil, and new animated and comedy pictures.

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New Books Received

THE BATTLE MONTHS OF GEORGE DAURELLA by Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25 net.

An interesting romance of youth in war times.

THE GERANIUM LADY by Sylvia Chatfield Bates. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.

A love story on an island in the Atlantic. In the heart of a field of red geraniums lived a young woman; on a deserted farm nearby lived a wounded army officer; island folk all about, and sunshine and warmth and happiness.

BEHIND THE SCREEN by William Almon Wolff. Chicago: McClurg & Co.; \$1.25. A romance of the movies.

VICTORY by Charles Keeler. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

Lyrics of the victorious spirit, the joy of life, of faith in the power of the mind—the spiritual conquest of evil through love, beauty and truth.

WOODROW WILSON by Henry Jones Ford. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A biography of the President, written in a friendly spirit, tracing his development throughout his career as student, educator and statesman. His administrative measures and policies are discussed, and in many instances his views on public questions and political issues are given in his own words.

CHAPEL by Miles Lewis. New York: G. H. Doran Co.; \$1.35. A Welsh novel by a new Welsh writer.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN by Henry B. Rankin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.00.

Mr. Rankin was for many years a student in the law office of Lincoln & Herndon and thus grew to know Lincoln intimately when he was at the height of his vigor. Principally reminiscences showing the atmosphere and environment of Lincoln's early days and the development of his character. There is an introduction by Joseph Fort Newton, author of "Lincoln and Herndon," photogravure portraits and an index.

COUNTRY SCHOOL DIALOGUES by Mary L. Monaghan. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Co.; 25c.

A collection of simple dialogues designed for presentation by pupils of the public schools of the country, suitable for all of the eight grades. Humorous and interesting. Good but not goody-good. The preface offers suggestions as to stage management, properties and production.

A SONG OF THE GUNS by Gilbert Frankau. R. S. A. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co.; 50c.

A poem written under the inspiration of actual trench fighting at Ypres to the accompaniment of bursting shells.

GOBLINS AND PAGODAS by John Gould Fletcher. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co., 75c.

Serious poems of life, the material and spiritual things of life, in free verse, with a preface by the author explaining the theme and its vehicle as related to art.

ROADS by Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co.; 75c.

Rainbow roads—hope; crossroads—disillusionment; the red road—war; a collection of short poems.

This and the two preceding books are of the Houghton-Mifflin "New Poetry Series," printed in clear type and bound in boards with green covers.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING by Meredith

Nicholson. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co.; \$1.35.

Mystery, charm, power, romance, vivid character-drawing and delightful humor combine to make this an exceptionally interesting novel.

THE RISE AND FALL OF FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA by David Wark Griffith. Published by the author at Los Angeles, Calif.

An elaborate protest against the censorship of the movies. Uncopyrighted; sent to the press with an invitation to use freely of its contents.

THE HOME COMING by Constance Holme. New York: R. M. McBride & Co.; \$1.40.

This book introduces to the American public an author of considerable English fame. Spanish tradition and Westmoreland folk, the Irish sea and Morecambe bay; characters so consistent as to seem real contribute to the interest and the charm of the story.

BODY AND SPIRIT by John D. Quackenbos, M. D. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.50 net.

An inquiry into the subconscious based upon twelve thousand experiences in the author's practice, written to prove the value of suggestion as a curative force and the importance of psychotherapy in the treatment of mental and moral abnormalities.

PEOPLE LIKE THAT by Kate Langley Bosher. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.25 net.

A quaint, humorous, vivid story based on the inescapable responsibility man owes to man.

THE CRIMSON GARDENIA by Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Bros.; \$1.30 net.

A collection of eleven short stories of romance and adventure told in Beach's characteristic dashing style.

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Dora was Different

By Harold Melbourne

Dora was different. That was apparent as soon as she presented herself at the manager's office. And yet she was looking for a position in the chorus, just as were the bedizened creatures all around her. Even the manager himself waxed sentimental, and compared her to a wild rose amid a cluster of orchids.

For, whereas here was Maizie in a new blue gown and new gold hair, and there was Flossie in a new green gown and new red hair, Dora's dress was old and gray and Dora's hair was of natural brown and full of waves and ringlets. The manager knew real hair when he saw it. And real beauty, too. And Dora was a beauty from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet.

"What can I do for you, young lady?" said the manager.

"Please, sir, I want to be an actress," said Dora.

"Indeed," said the manager, smiling good-naturedly. "Do you want to play *Juliet*, or *Rosalind*, or *Ophelia*?"

"I want to be in the chorus of the musical comedy that the newspaper says you start rehearsing to-day," said Dora.

"Can you sing?" said the manager.

"A little," said Dora.

"And dance?" said the manager.

"A little," said Dora.

"And what shows have you been in before?" said the manager.

"Only the amateur entertainments in Greenport, Long Island," said Dora.

"I thought so!" said the manager. "Only I guessed Bird Center, Iowa."

"Will you give me a chance?" said Dora.

"I certainly will!" said the manager.

"What is good enough for Greenport, Long Island, may not be good enough for Broadway, New York, as a rule, but this case is the exception to prove the rule. If you look half as well 'on' as you do 'off,' you won't stay in the chorus very long. You'll become a star.

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BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

This volume includes "Ghosts of an Old House" and ten "Symphonies" interpreting in terms of color the inner life of a poet. In originality of conception, in sheer tonal beauty, and in the subtlety with which moods are evoked, these poems mark a distinct advance in the development of the art of poetry.

Roads

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

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BY CONRAD AIKEN

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Remember the prophecy of Sol Eisenberg."

"Yes, sir, I will," said Dora. "And thank you very kindly, too."

"My Gawd!" said Maizie to Flossie. "What's the stage coming to, with city ladies crowded out by country rubes?"

"You said it!" said Flossie to Maizie. "But I'm half inclined to wash my face and leave off my switch, and try the simple life myself."

Maizie and Flossie were both engaged, but for different reasons than those which had prompted the manager to give Dora a chance. So Maizie swung her meshbag nonchalantly and Flossie decided not to wash her face—just yet.

The chorus started rehearsing and it developed that Dora could both sing and dance, as she had said, "a little," but that little was quite enough. Maizie and Flossie snickered at Dora's scales and giggled at Dora's steps. But Sol Eisenberg clapped his hands and said, "Very good, Greenport!"

"I can see what's coming!" said Maizie to Flossie.

"So can anyone—what ain't blind?" said Flossie to Maizie.

These two young women had found by past experience that it was bad policy to display jealousy and resentment toward especial friends of the manager, so they decided to be pleasant to the rubes, or at least pretend to be.

"How long have you been in the city?" said Maizie.

"Only three days," said Dora.

"And where are you living?" said Flossie.

"At a boarding-house in Forty-fourth street," said Dora.

"Well, you won't be staying there very long," said Maizie.

"No; I don't think the moral tone is what it should be," said Dora.

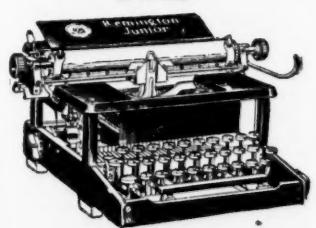
"My smelling-salts! I faint!" gasped Flossie.

Rehearsals continued. And so did Dora. The manager often looked at her. Now and then he even spoke to

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Mirror

her. But Dora still wore her old gray dress and her old black hat.

"He ain't giving her no clothes," said Maizie to Flossie.

"She don't know enough to ask for them," said Flossie to Maizie.

The company went out of town, and the show opened on the road. It was

tried out in New Haven. The Yale boys were enthusiastic. So were the local critics. Even the real people, from Manhattan, were satisfied, so arrangements were completed and New York time was settled.

The Broadway *premiere* was an event. The leading lady was a famous beauty. The leading comedian had a large following. The costumes were advertised as "the limit." And the chorus was under Sol Eisenberg's personal supervision. So what more could anyone demand?

"Success," "A Hit," "A Riot" appeared all over the fences and all over the ash-cans. "The Girl of Girls" was in for a long run. Everybody was happy.

The leading lady bought a new house. The leading comedian bought a new automobile. Maizie bought a string of fishskin pearls. Flossie bought a rhinestone pendant. But Dora wore the same old clothes and lived at the same cheap boarding-house.

Maizie and Flossie decided that, after all, the manager was not going to be interested in the rube, so they did not bother to be pleasant to her, but delighted in 'being disagreeable. They all dressed together.

Sometimes Maizie had a friend waiting for her after the show. Sometimes Flossie had a friend. Sometimes they both had friends at the same time and all went out together. The next day they would come back with wonderful accounts of the lobsters they had eaten and the wine they had drunk.

Sometimes they spoke of their friends as business men and sometimes as college boys, and they made up the most wonderful names for their escorts—names to suggest wealth and position. Dora took it all in, but never said a word.

Then the girls began talking about Reggie St. Albans. Reggie was very wealthy and very generous. He gave wonderful dinners and wonderful suppers. There were always bunches of flowers and boxes of candy for the girls he entertained, and bracelets and brooches for those who caught his fancy.

He had given emeralds to Stella and rubies to Anna. But Maizie preferred diamonds and Flossie preferred pearls. Maizie had been out in Reggie's automobile and Flossie had been out in his yacht.

Day after day and night after night the two girls spoke of Reggie for the benefit of the third girl. Reggie wanted to give Maizie an ermine coat. Reggie wanted to take Flossie on a trip to California. Dora stifled a yawn.

"Have you ever heard of Reggie St. Albans?" said Maizie one evening.

"Often," said Dora.

"Have you ever met him?" said Flossie, superciliously.

"Yes," said Dora.

"When did you see him last?" said Maizie, suspiciously.

"This morning," said Dora.

"What were you doing—this morning?" said Flossie, incredulously.

"Getting married!" said Dora. "We

are starting on our honeymoon—after the show."

And it was true. It soon spread all around the theater, in front of the house as well as behind the scenes. Reggie St. Albans, the wealthy young man-about-town who had become famous for his love affairs and his extravagances, had finally married and was prepared to settle down. And he had selected as his wife a simple little chorus girl who had only been on the stage a few weeks and who hailed from Greenport, Long Island!

"Well, my Gawd!" said Maizie and Flossie.

And "My Gawd!" said most of the other members of the company.

But the young woman in the old gray dress and the old black hat simply coughed slightly, and kept her eyes on the ground.

Dora was different!—*From Town Topics (New York.)*

❖❖❖

A Velasquez

(The portrait speaks)

Rinaldo De La Murcia—never mind my titles—

Painted by Velasquez, if that's the fellow's name.

It took a dozen sittings at least, as I remember;

As many wasted trials before the likeness came.

"Likeness, did I call it? Well, well, there's some resemblance:

The chin's too sharp, the nose too thin, the eyes a trifle light:

But still, it has distinction, the Duke and Duchess told me,

Though Dona Ysabel insists the picture is a fright.

"I paid a thousand pieces in pity for the craftsman—

His doublet was worn threadbare, and he had a hatchet face.

Such creatures should be pensioned and kept to paint our portraits,

For all posterity should know the men of mark and race.

"I do not grudge the money, though it cost a month's campaigning.

We took the castle, burned it, and carried off the gold.

It may be that this old daub will make the tale more vivid.

When to my children's children that sharp fray shall be told."

* * * * *

The painted lips were silent. I bent to scan the canvas.

It bore a date I could not read, and painter's name alone.

And then I read the label: "A Portrait by Velasquez;

Recently discovered. The subject is unknown."

—Tudor Jenks.

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Balmy Peace

Oh, I believe in balmy peace; I wish to see war's horrors cease; I wish to see the saber made into the farmer's pruning blade, and every gun that thunders now, I fain would change into a plow. I'd like to see the kings embrace, with rapture glowing in each face, and

If You Are Single

If you are single, and should die without a will, who would get your property?

Do you know that your nephew might get as much of your estate as your mother?

Are you satisfied with the law's arbitrary decrees as to who shall inherit and who shall distribute your estate?

If not, you should have some competent lawyer draw your will—to-day.

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swear by Heck and Halidome, to keep their warlike hosts at home. And all my days I shall devote to robbing warfare of its goat; I hope to see the nations stand like loving brothers, hand in hand, remote from bitterness and strife—and to that end I pledge my life. I now am ready to orate in any town, in any State, which will put up a hundred wheels and guarantee me bed and meals. I ask the money in advance, because I cannot take a chance on being stung by hayseed grads which hate to jar loose from the scads. Blest be the day when warfare ends! If you believe in peace, my friends, and hope to see the whole world free, arrange a lecture date for me, and I from war will take a fall, in schoolhouse, church or village hall, in tabernacle, tent or manse—the money strictly in advance.—Walt Mason's Syndicated Stuff.

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How it Happened

First he missed and then he kissed her, Her kid sister said, "Oh, Mister, Aint you 'fraid there'll be a blister On my sister where you kissed her?"

Then that wicked kidlet's sister Grabbed her by the ear and hissed a Warning to her to desist, or She would give her ear a twister. After which they both dismissed her, And the man that kissed her sister Looked, but couldn't find a blister Where he kissed her when he missed her,

So, as he was some persister And she was a poor resister He just simply up and kissed her Out of sight of that kid sister.

—Milwaukee Daily News.

❖❖❖

Former Speaker Cannon tells this story of his early impecunious days: "One of my friends was a struggling physician. Neither fame nor fortune had come to either of us, but we were always hopeful. The years had weighed heavily upon my friend, however,

THREE BIBLES! WHICH ONE?

There is one multiplication table—one measure of distance—one table of weights. Everyone agrees on that and admits the absurdity of THREE!

There are three different Christian Bibles—each believed by millions of people—each supposed to be especially inspired—each the "Real Truth." And yet, nobody admits the absurdity of THAT!

But, there is a book, just published, that admits it—that shows the thing up in all its glistening humor—and, not only that, but analyzes the entire Bible from cover to cover, retells its "true" stories and brings to light the pious frauds that, for years, have been perpetrated upon innocent and credulous people. That book is the

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for he soon lost his hair, being quite bald. One day I greeted him with a beaming countenance, and exclaimed: 'What do you think, Henry? I have just bought an office safe.' 'Then, Joe,' said he, with the utmost gravity, 'I shall buy a hairbrush.'

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"Has he a sense of fairness?" "Goodness, yes! He can tell them a block away."—The Gargoyle.

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In the House of System

The visitor was being shown about by the head of the up-to-date business house, according to the New York Evening Mail.

"Who is that dapper youth at the glass-topped desk?" he asked.

"That is the superintendent of the card index system. He keeps an index

showing where the index cases are."

"Who is the young man with the gray gaiters and the efficient ears?"

"He keeps an index showing the length of time it takes to index the indexes."

"Who is the girl with the golden hair?"

"She decides under what index an index to the index of the filing cabinet shall be placed."

"And who is the gray-haired man at the disordered desk in the corner?"

"Oh, that's Old Joggs. He doesn't fit in very well with the rest of the office but I have to keep him around. He's the only employee who can find important papers when I want them in a hurry."

♦♦♦

Friend Dolan's Generosity

Two Irishmen were discussing the death of a friend, according to a storyteller in *Everybody's*.

Said Malachi: "Shure, Dolan was a good fellow."

"He was that," assented Mike. "A good fellow, Dolan."

"And a cheerful man was Dolan," continued Malachi.

"A cheerful man was Dolan, the cheerfulest I ever knew," echoed Mike.

"Dolan was a ginerous man, too," said Malachi.

"Ginerous, did ye say? Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Dolan every buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly" said Malachi, scratching his head in thought. "Wan day he come into Casey's barroom, where me and me friends was drin'kin', and he said to us: 'Well, men, what are we going to have—rain or snow?'"

♦♦♦

Too Good

It was well known in staggering high society, relates *Everybody's*, that the beautiful Lady Rosemary had never been kissed before; and as, after a long, languorous embrace, the athletic young Duke of Rushmore released his hold, she gazed searchingly into his lovelorn eyes and questioned:

"And do the poor indulge in this way?"

"Quite frequently, little pet," answered the high personage.

"Well, well, well! And do they experience the same sensations as we do, dear?"

"Absolutely."

"Dear, dear, dear! Why, it's much too good for the working classes!"

♦♦♦

Two of the University of Pennsylvania track runners passed a learned and preoccupied professor showing a young lady visitor through the "Gardens." With a dainty shiver the girl remarked: "It's dreadfully cold—isn't it?—to be without stockings." The professor's mind turned for a moment from contemplation of the fourth dimension. "Then why did you leave them off?" he asked.

♦♦♦

"How's your new hired man?" asked Neighbor Perkins. "My new hired man," stated Farmer Hornbeak, "is the finest specimen of petrified motion that I ever had the pleasure of witnessing."

—*Kansas City Star*.

Marts and Money

They had a pretty fair market in Wall Street. It was alternately erratic and stodgy, but of reassuring purport, just the same. There were the customary flurries in the quotations for certificates of obscure, doubtful, or highly exaggerated merits. Particularly prominent, in this respect, were the stocks of automobile, munitions, sugar, shipping, and tobacco corporations, issues, that is to say, which readily lend themselves to the purposes of trained jugglers. These happenings were quite overshadowed, however, by a perceptible and persistent hardening in the values of railroad certificates. While the resultant net changes were not truly important, they nevertheless aroused considerable interest among thoughtful onlookers. Of salient importance seemed the two-point improvement in the value of Union Pacific common, especially so because it was firmly maintained even after it had become known that the company's Board of Directors had refused to cause rejoicing in Wall Street through declaring an extra dividend. The current quotation for Union Pacific shows an advance of \$6 when compared with the low notch touched on April 26—129 $\frac{3}{4}$.

It was argued in optimistic quarters that this stock cannot be regarded as overvalued at 135 $\frac{3}{4}$, in view of the 8 per cent yearly dividend rate, the probability that at least 15 per cent will be earned on the total amount of \$222,000,000 outstanding in the fiscal year 1915-16, and the profit and loss surplus of nearly \$97,000,000, after deduction of \$53,000,000 for possible depreciation in the company's investments in other properties. Attention was called to the fact, also, that the price of the stock had been up to 141 $\frac{1}{2}$ on November 18, 1915. Evidently, the Stock Exchange fellows are once more inclined to draw liberal inferences from comparisons and probabilities. In saying this, I do not desire to be suspected of being skeptical concerning the investment qualities of Union Pacific common. It is my firm opinion that parties purchasing these shares for permanent purposes are not at all likely to meet serious disappointment. But it reasonably may be questioned whether the present should be considered a safe time for extensive marginal speculation on the long side. If the dominant financial powers take the positive view on this subject, they must not feel deeply impressed with the significances of the growing financial difficulties on the other side of the Atlantic.

The April statement of the United States Steel Corporation, though distinctly favorable, had no stimulative influence on the quotation for the common shares. The current price of 83 $\frac{3}{4}$ denotes a decline of a half point. It must be presumed that would-be purchasers felt somewhat timid over intimations of a probable slackening in the run of new contracts for the steel mills. On the 30 ult., the corporation's unfilled business aggregated 9,829,000 tons. This quantity represents a new absolute maximum. Compared with the corresponding record in 1915, it denotes an increase of more than 5,100,000 tons. The

You Too Will Like "The Cleanest Laundry"

Lindell 1695

Delmar 1144

relative narrowness of the market for United States Steel certificates in recent weeks occasioned much hard thinking among owners and "Street" oracles. To my thinking, it reflected liquidation for foreign account, profit-taking for people who bought at the low levels of 1915 (the minimum was 38), and prudently regulative measures on the part of the controlling clique.

On acquisitions made at 84, the net yield is 5.95 per cent. Considering that the corporation was utterly unable to pay anything on its \$508,000,000 common stock last year, the price quoted doesn't appear discreditably low, even though the Finance Committee thought fit, some time ago, to permit employees to buy at 85 in 1916. It certainly would be rash to assert that the junior certificates must be classed among the tested investment securities. The existing valuation manifestly discounts, in part, the enormous earning-power of the corporation at the present day, together with the possibility or probability of a 6 or 7 per cent dividend rate, or of a handsome extra disbursement between now and January 1, 1917. It has been rumored for some weeks that the Finance Committee intends fully to reimburse the stockholders for the dividend of \$5 a share which they did not receive in 1915. Such action would involve the payment of over \$25,000,000. Not a great amount, considering predictions that the 1916 surplus earnings will reach \$250,000,000. The dissolution suit has been forgotten altogether, apparently, or it has definitely been concluded that the final outcome cannot possibly fail of proving satisfactory to the owners of the corporation. The Supreme Court's decision will be handed down during the term beginning next October.

The latest report of the Department of Agriculture places the prospective winter wheat harvest at 499,280,000 bushels, against final results of 655,045,000 in 1915, 684,000,000 in 1914, and 523,000,000 in 1913. The average condition on May 1 is given as 82.4, against 78.3 on April 1, 92.9 on May 1, 1915, and a ten-year May 1 average of 87.5. The estimated acreage of 33,000,000 indicates

a loss of 4,200,000 acres during the winter months.

According to the ideas prevalent on the Chicago Board of Trade, the probable winter wheat yield has been reduced further since May 1. The most that now can be looked for is 470,000,000 bushels. It is believed that the spring wheat results also should be materially below last year's total, which was 330,000,000. There are hints at a crop of not more than 240,000,000 bushels at the utmost. Untoward climatic conditions, we are assured, have sharply reduced the seeded area in the Northwest. In consequence of the pessimistic conjecturing, the quotation for September wheat has advanced to \$1.17 $\frac{1}{4}$; the next few weeks may see the attainment of the \$1.25 mark. Judging by present indications, the country's exportable surplus during the 1916-17 season should be approximately 525,000,000 bushels, inclusive of the quantity to be carried over from the current season, ending June 30. Since the average value of the staple bids fair to be not less than \$1.10 for the twelve months, American growers can well afford to feel pleased with the outlook for their finances.

Much the same can be said with respect to the producers of cotton in the South, notwithstanding expectations of enlarged acreages in several leading States. There has, in recent weeks, been a typical "bull" movement on the Cotton Exchanges. It is said that it was extensively participated in by prominent Wall Street interests, who had been generous buyers at the cheap quotations of December and January. The July and October deals are selling above 13 cents a pound; they were worth 11 cents during the period of weakness. In view of the astonishing increase in the domestic consumption of cotton, and the virtual depletion of stocks of raw material in the countries of the Continent, a still more important improvement in values may properly be anticipated. There's a probability that American cotton will be in demand at 19 and 20 cents before the lapse of twelve months. For this reason, purchases appear commendable during such spells of depres-

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REEDY'S MIRROR

sion as have been witnessed in the past few days.

The progressive revival in the cotton trade is strikingly disclosed in the latest monthly statements of railroad companies operating in the fortunate Southland. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1917, those systems may be able to report the greatest financial profits in their histories.

A few days ago, the stock of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway Co. advanced from 18 to 23 on brisk and heavy buying for prominent parties. Since then, the quotation has fallen back to 20. It is assumed that the contending factions will reach an agreement in the near future. The owners of the 5 per cent debenture bonds are to be given preferred stock, we are given to understand. There are rumors, likewise, of a blanket mortgage of \$500,000,000. Here's hoping that the bitter wrangling may soon come to an end, and that those representatives of high finance who have for months strenuously endeavored to squeeze the stockholders out of their rights and property may meet humiliating failure.

*

Finance in St. Louis.

There were no special developments in the local market for securities. Trading was on a sharply restricted scale, with prices steady in all the representative instances. The bidding was not spirited at any time, nor did there seem much of a disposition to sell at or near existing price levels. Granite-Bimetallic shares displayed considerable activity in a few sessions, but the resultant changes in quotations proved quite immaterial. Most of the sales were effected at 82½ to 83 cents. A few small lots of Wagner Electric Manufacturing were disposed of at 240, a figure indicating a decline of \$5. Ten Chicago Railway Equipment brought 98; \$1,000 LaClede Gas first 5s 101.50; fifteen Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred 109.50, and five Union Sand & Material 74.50.

The certificates of financial institutions were severely neglected. Only fragmentary amounts changed ownership. There was a sale of one share of Third National at 231; last week, transfers of routine amounts brought 233. Five St. Louis Union Trust were taken at 367.50. For Bank of Commerce, owners asked 106.50 and 107.

About equally dull and tedious was the market for United Railways bonds and stocks. Some of the preferred was sold at 13.50, against 14 last week. The 4 per cent bonds appeared somewhat firmer. Of Union Depot Railway 6s, \$1,000 were disposed of at 102.25.

Quoted money rates in St. Louis are a trifle higher, owing to the increasing requirements for agricultural, commercial, and industrial purposes, and in response to some advance in the Eastern market for funds. For time loans bankers now ask 4 to 5 per cent. In New York, the extremes for six months are 3 to 3½ per cent.

*

Latest Quotations.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|----------------------|------|--------|
| Boatmen's Bank | 127 | 130 |
| Nat. Bk. of Commerce | 104½ | 105 |
| State National Bank | 199¾ | — |
| Mercantile Trust | 343 | — |
| Miss. Valley Trust | 295 | 298 |

| | | |
|---------------------------|------|------|
| St. Louis Union Trust | 367½ | — |
| United Railways com. | 3½ | — |
| do pfd. | 14½ | — |
| do 4s | 60¾ | 62 |
| St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s | 100½ | 100¾ |
| do gen. 5s | 79 | 80 |
| Union Depot 6s | 102½ | 102½ |
| E. St. L. & Sub. com. | 89¾ | 90½ |
| Tri-City Ry. & Light 5s | — | 100 |
| LaClede Gas com. | 105 | 107½ |
| K. C. Home Tel. 5s | 91 | 91½ |
| do 5s (\$500) | 91 | 91¾ |
| do 5s (\$100) | — | 93 |
| New L.-D. Tel. of Ind. 5s | 88½ | 90 |
| do 5s | 94 | — |
| Am. Central Insurance | 259 | — |
| Union Sand & Material | 73¾ | 74½ |
| International Shoe com. | 96 | — |
| do pfd. | 110 | — |
| Granite-Bimetallic | 82½ | 85 |
| Ind. Brew. 1st pfd. | 19¾ | 20 |
| do 6s | 57½ | 60 |
| National Candy, com. | 5½ | 6½ |
| do 1st pfd. | 95½ | — |
| Chicago Ry. Equipment | 98 | 99 |
| Wagner Electric | 240 | 245 |
| Miss. R. & Bonne T. 5s | — | 100 |

Answers to Inquiries.

Bondholder, St. Louis.—You would make a serious mistake in liquidating your Seaboard Air Line adjustment 5s at 66. The price should reascend to your level of 72 before the close of this year. The company's earnings are improving right along; prospects are especially bright on account of the remarkable betterment in the consumption and value of cotton. There are only \$25,000,000 of the bonds outstanding. The 5 per cent interest can easily be paid.

Doubtful, St. Louis.—The common stock of the Cities Service Co. is largely speculative. The price has risen about \$90 since the first of the year. The dividend rate being only 6 per cent, would not recommend purchasing for investment, despite the violent "boosting" by insiders and affiliated brokers. If you wish to invest in the property, purchase the 6 per cent preferred, selling at 85. Much stress has been put lately upon the oil properties of the company. This with the intention, no doubt, of facilitating distribution of the common stock among the ultimate investors.

Inquirer, Dallas, Tex.—Utah Copper, now quoted at 81, may be worth higher prices, considering the enlarged dividend payments and earning capacity. The company is in a state of unparalleled prosperity. However, the price has risen about \$33 in the last year, and thus discounted quite a bit of the good things we hear so much about nowadays. If you decide to buy for speculation, put up a stiff margin. Copper stocks display some alacrity of sinking when the bear crowd is in control.

W. H., Cincinnati, O.—Diamond Match is considered an investment stock. The dividend is 6 per cent, with 1 per cent extra. The speculative potentialities are quite negligible. At 110, the current price, the inducement to purchase doesn't appear especially strong.

Doctor, Charleston, Ill.—There's a deal of "bull" talk about Kennecott Copper. The present quotation shows a decline of \$3 from the recent top notch —59. Don't purchase the stock unless you can afford to run the risks. It has no par value; the dividend rate is 4 per cent. The people connected with the company are old hands at the manipulative game in Wall Street.

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A big, elderly English farmer called on a solicitor and said he'd like to make his will. "I'll leave my brass to the wife," he said; "we've been mar-

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which was known by the color of its decorations. As the visitor entered the house, the butler inquired his name and then handed him a card, saying: "You are to be at the white table, sir." "By gad, suh," demanded the Southerner, "are there to be niggers?"

❖❖❖

Captain—What's he charged with, Casey? Officer—I don't know the regular name fer it, captain; but I caught him a-flirtin' in the park. Captain—Ah, that's impersonatin' an officer.—Judge.

❖❖❖

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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 Louise Allen's farewell of the present season.

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Featuring Mitchell Harris and Marie Prather.

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The Griffith Fine Arts feature will be
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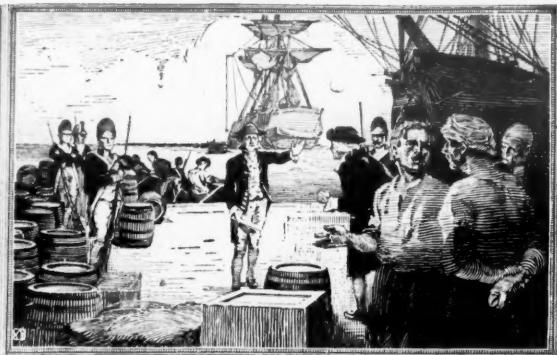
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"FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U.S.A." NO. 6

John Hancock—“Father of the Revolution”

UPON the Declaration of Independence his name may be read without spectacles. His signature was the first subscribed to the world's most famous State document. In the most realistic sense John Hancock pledged his life and his fortune to the cause of the Revolution. He was one of the richest men in the colonies, holding investments in banks, breweries, stores, hotels, and also owning a fleet of vessels. The seizure of one of these precipitated the Boston massacre. In Revolutionary days and until his death he was a popular idol. When it was proposed to bombard Boston, though it would have resulted in greater personal loss to him than to any other property owner, he begged that no regard be paid to him because of his financial interests. While Hancock did not sign the Constitution of the United States, he used his great influence in its behalf, which awakened the gratitude of Washington. "He was prepossessing in manner, and passionately fond of the elegant pleasures of life, of dancing, music, concerts, routs, assemblies,

card parties, rich wines, social dinners and festivities." Until the end of his life the people of Massachusetts loved to honor him. In the stirring events preceding the Revolution he was one of the most influential members of the Sons of Liberty. To this tireless worker for American Independence Liberty was the very breath of life. He would have frowned upon any legislation which would restrict the natural rights of man, and would have voted NO to prohibition enactments. It was upon the tenets of our National Spoken Word that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. To-day throughout the length and breadth of the Free Republic their honest brews are famed for quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor. Their brand BUDWEISER has daily grown in popularity until 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles. ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



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